

THE GOAT

ROYAL CANADIAN DRAGOONS

MONTHLY CHRONICLE



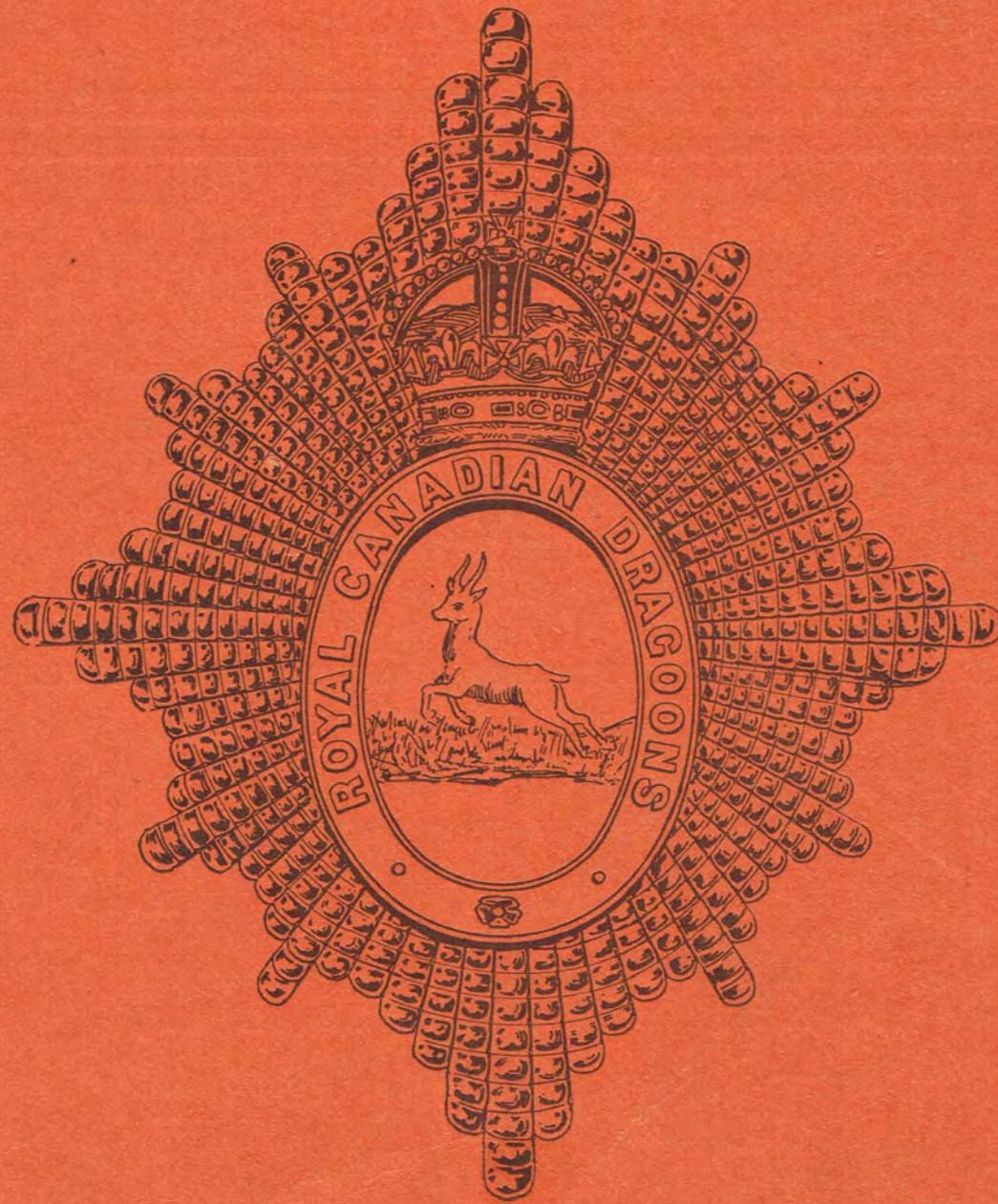
PRICE 10 CENTS

Published at St. Johns, P.Q.
With the Permission of Lt. Col. W. H. Bell, D.S.O.

Yearly Subscription, \$1.00.

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“H.Q.”



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Editorial

The present number of the 'The Goat' has been delayed in issue, owing to the uncertainty of the withdrawal of the troops from Cape Breton. We had neither the time nor the material with which to attempt the publication of another number from Sydney, and our finances needed adjustment before increasing our liability. This number has necessarily been

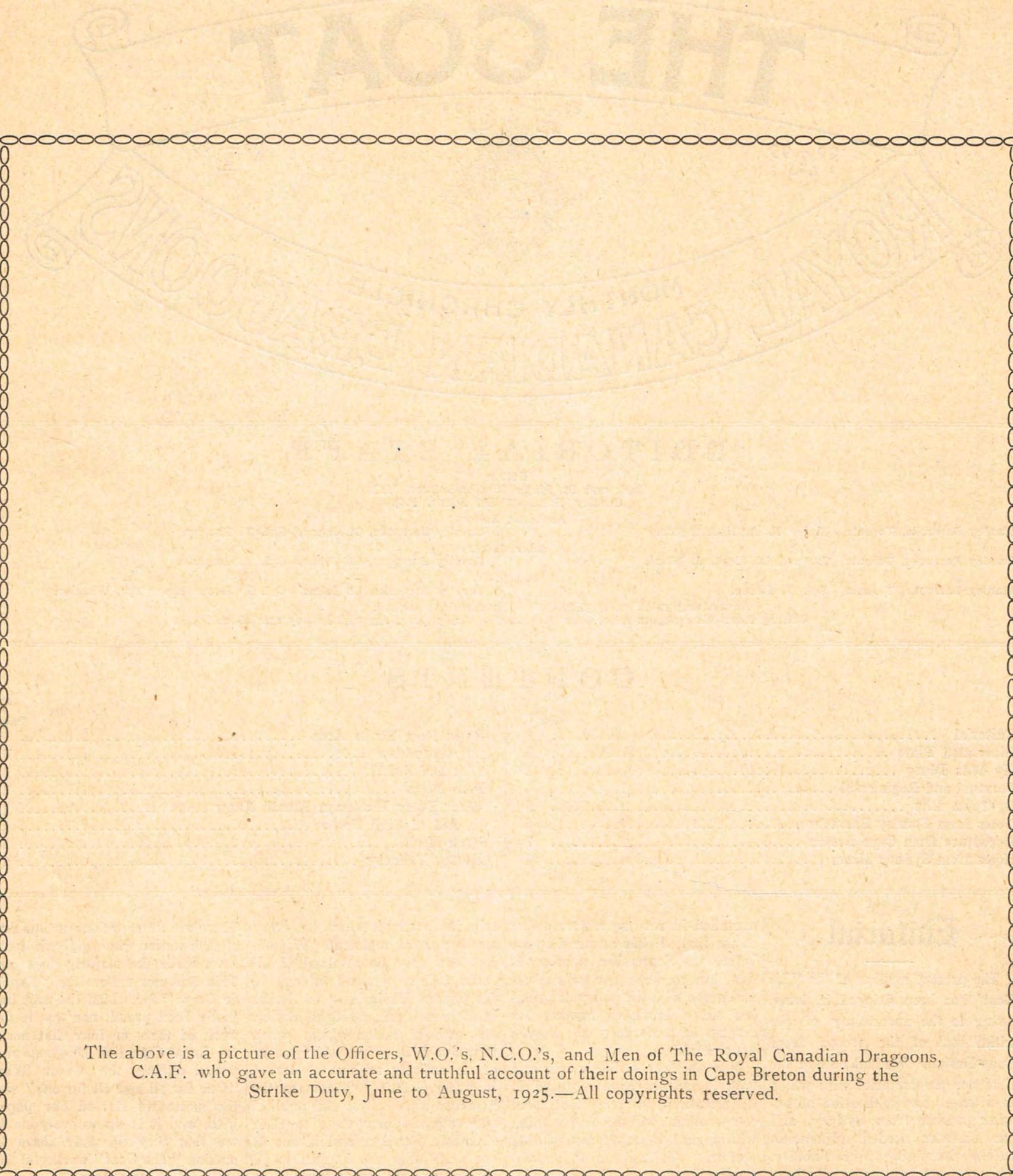
curtailed in reading matter owing to the limited time at our disposal before the September number is due, but we hope our subscribers will agree with the policy of bringing out a breviated number for August in preference to having none at all.

Now that the strike is over and both Squadrons have returned to their stations, we trust that more co-operation will be forthcoming with regard to supplying reading matter. To make a regimental publication a success it should con-

tain items of interest to every member of the regiment. This object can only be attained if all ranks take a personal interest in the paper. There must be dozens of little incidents, remarks, stories, etc., at each station which, when reproduced in print, add humour of an entirely regimental nature to "The Goat." These are the items we want collect and publish. Old comrades pay visits to their chums in barracks and if one of our staff does not happen to be on the spot we never hear of it.

There are three or four enthusiasts at each station who supply the local news while the majority look on. This does not reflect the "Esprit de Corps" for which the unit has justly been proud, nor was it the work of three or four that made the Royal Canadian Dragoons respected during the Great War. "One for all and all for one" was the motto we started our paper with, and it is up to everyone to see that they do their share in making "The Goat" worthy of the regiment it represents.

D1999. 1379. 33



The above is a picture of the Officers, W.O.'s, N.C.O.'s, and Men of The Royal Canadian Dragoons, C.A.F. who gave an accurate and truthful account of their doings in Cape Breton during the Strike Duty, June to August, 1925.—All copyrights reserved.

My War Diaries.

(Continued)

October 28th.

Arrived at camp at 5 a.m. Found Tammis had moved and left tent to me. Harrison was on pass, so there was nothing of mine ready. Slept on the floor till 8 a.m. Did some mounted work for the first time at slow paces. The horses are still in poor shape. Went to Devizes in the afternoon with Bowie. While there, Jack Johnson, the prize fighter, came into the hotel on his way to Bristol. Bought myself a bed, mattress, lamp and bureau.

October 29th.

Up at 8 a.m., after a very comfortable night in new bed. Found I was orderly officer but no one noticed it. Had squadron drill at 9 a.m. Rained all morning. Stables all afternoon and tried to fix up the lines. Harrison came back from pass. Canteen opened for the first time. Got our first pay cheques from Drury.

October 30th.

Up at 8.25. Very cold raw day. Went on with squadron drill and the troop did very well and were twice complimented by the squadron commander. Gave them free beer on turning in. Found the car too light for these roads so shall have to turn it in. Had some letters from home. Rode "Sheila" for first time since she landed. Went very well but still excitable. Hear H.M. the King is to inspect us soon.

October 31st

Rained all morning and we shifted our lines again. Had a parade of all the horses and had them numbered with Army numbers. Got word Young had got leave for me to go to town with him. Our motor got stuck in the mud three miles from camp so we took a transport wagon and drove to Levington. Arrived in London at nine o'clock and went to the Ritz. Gilman and Straubenzie came to see us.

Went to see Straker-Squire Co. re car. Rented one after a long discussion from a man who had a 1914 model, £150 for two months. Very nice car, painted red and very fast. Had electric lights and horn put on. Did some shopping and went to luneh with Douglas at the British Empire Club. Got my photos, etc. Shopped, and then had dinner at the

Ritz and went to see "Drake." Very good performance and better than the one I had seen in New York in 1914.

November 2nd.

Got up at 10 a.m. Arranged refund on other car. Went to lunch at R.A.C. and saw Freddie Wanklyn there. Had tea with Kathleen and then went to see cousin Willie at his house. Went to Four Hundred Club with Douglas, Kathleen, Rejane, and had some very nice dances, as the floor and music was splendid. Saw some very well-known people there, Gaby Deslys, Ethel Levey, Violet Lorraine, Gertie Miller, etc. Danced till 1.30 a.m., and then back to hotel to bed. Very tired.

November 3rd

Shopped all morning and had lunch with Gladys at her house. I bought some things for Kathleen and we had tea at the Ritz. Got car and found it looking very nice. Went for a trial spin and everything was running smoothly. Started for home with Douglas, Gillie and Strau. at nine. Had dinner at Egham and arrived in pouring rain at 2 a.m. Car stood trip very well and has lots of power and is very fast.

November 4th

Rained nearly all day. It has now every day or every night since we arrived. Men's clothes are soaked through and all the horses are going down in condition. H.M. the King is to inspect us tomorrow. Went to Devizes with Colonel Nelles, his son, and Douglas Young. Roads are in very bad shape.

November 5th

Up at 6 a.m. Very foggy and wet. Parade at 9 a.m., and the regiment formed up at 10 a.m. Arrived at review rendezvous at 11 a.m., Their Majesties arrived at 12.30 with 14 motors. Lord Kitchener, Lord Roberts and Mr. Asquith were among the party. I took the Colonel into Salisbury at 3 o'clock and had dinner there. Met Bell and Elmsley and motored them back to camp. Still raining.

November 6th

Still pouring rain. Had troop mounted at 9.30 and exercised the horses for an hour. Forage soaking wet and very poor. No parade in the afternoon on account of heavy rain. Went to see Col. Neal re cheque for horses, and he promised to arrange it at once.

Went to Salisbury with Douglas and drove them back in 49 minutes Bell home at 9.30. Heavy fog, and roads very bad.

November 7th

Woke up in pouring rain. Had to cancel all parades in the morning till 11 a.m. Had grazing parade for an hour. After lunch all officers were summoned to a conference with General Alderson, at which he complained of officers on leave being drunk. Went to Devizes with Douglas and had dinner there. Car is running very well. Had cable from home re selling ponies and dogs. Cabled affirmative.

November 8th

Church parade service at 9 a.m. Very good sermon by chaplain of Strathcona Horse. Had lunch in camp. A new Daimler car burnt up belonging to a sister of a man in my troop. Went to Salisbury with Douglas Young and Bowie, and had dinner with Jack Cawthra. Met the colonel and Gillic and rove them back in 49 minutes. First fine day since we arrived. Had a ride in the morning and knocked polo ball around.

November 9th

Squadron orderly officer. Rode "Sheila" on parade for first time, but she is still too excitable. Sent Harrison to Salisbury with car to have it fixed. Ordered a pair of boots and rubber boots for all my troop. Dull cold day.

November 10th

Regimental orderly officer. Visited stables at 6 a.m. and found it a very long walk around the squadron lines. Harrison brought car back all cleaned up. Did not

go on parade but rode round the lines. News came that the "Emden" had been sunk at last. Harry Crerar rode over to see us. Went round lines at 11 p.m. Cloudy day but very little rain.

November 11th

Raining as usual when I woke up. Had squadron parade and did some advanced guard work. Took colonel to Salisbury to catch the London train. Had dinner with Walker Bell at "Old George." Back to camp at 10.30.

WE TAKE OUR HATS OFF TO

Premier Rhodes, the BESCO and miners for settling their differences.

The C.N.R. management for the excellent service and time on our return from Sydney.

The Attorney-General of Nova Scotia, Mr. Douglas, for letting us come home at last.

The officers of "B" Squadron for the "spirit" with which they left.

S.S.M. Smith and Tpr. Omelusk for emulating Paul Revere on their trip from Sydney Mines to Victoria Park.

"A" Company, R.C.R., for the good all-round sportsmanship and smart appearance.

Those who remained at the Cavalry Barracks for keeping the grounds in such splendid shape.

Captain "Billy" Home for winning the doubles tennis championship of St. Johns, in partnership with Mr. Andre Tasse.

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Jean: "Will you come over this evening?"

Douglas: "Yes, dear; I'll come with alacrity."

"No, I'd rather that you came by yourself. Leave your friend at home."

Personal & Regimental

Lt.-Col. W. F. Gilson, D.S.O., P.P.C.L.I., and Mrs. Gilson are spending a two weeks' vacation in St. Johns, and are located at the National Hotel. Mrs. Gilson will be best remembered to the members of this Garrison as Nursing Sister Squires. We are all very pleased to welcome her on this visit to her old Station.

Captain Halkett, M.C., R.C.A.M.C., accompanied by "Laddie," has left St. Johns on a month's vacation, which will be spent visiting Ottawa and points further west.

"D" Company, R.C.R., have proceeded to Point Aux Trembles to undergo their annual course of musketry.

At Sydney Mines, N.S., we were very pleased to renew our acquaintance with an old "A" R.R.D., namely John Muir, who served in the fourth troop of "A" Squadron overseas. Muir joined with the large draft which came during the March Retreat in 1918. He had previous service with the R.C.R., and was eventually invalided home around January, 1919. Mr. Muir is now employed as a telephone lineman with the Besco at Sydney Mines.

We have been rather unfortunate lately in our horses. In Reserve Mines we lost horses No. 41 and 67, which sustained broken legs and consequently had to be destroyed. Since our return to St. Johns horse No. 39, or "Jinny" (we are compelled to delete the prefix), as she was more familiarly known, has gone to the Limbo of departed horses. "Jinny" was transferred to this Squadron from "B" at Petawawa Camp in 1921. Like all ladies she was highly temperamental, but it was soon discovered that she belonged to that type known as "one-man horses." She settled down very quickly and earned her corn. We are all very sorry at her passing.

Lt.-Col. W. H. Bell, D.S.O., Officer Commanding, is Camp Commandant at Niagara-on-the-Lake.

Lt.-Col. W. H. Muirhead, O.B.E., paid a visit to the Cavalry Barracks recently to welcome the Squadron back.

Mrs. Rutherford, Toronto, is visiting her daughter, Mrs. D. B. Bowie, at the Cavalry Barracks, St. Johns.

Captain L. D. Hammond is with

the King's Mounted Rifles at Aldershot Camp, Kentville, N.S., till September 5th.

Captain M. H. A. Drury paid a visit to Little Lake and Sherbrooke recently.

Major R. Nordheimer, Captain M. H. A. Drury, Cpl. McKerral and Green will be exhibitors at the Sherbrooke Fair, September 1st-4th.

Cpl. Lacerte has left for the Small Arms School, Connaught Ranges, to take the "B" Wing Course

Lt.-Col. W. A. Blue, Officer Commanding, P.L.D.G., becomes a benedict.

A very pleasant surprise in the form of a wedding announcement was given to the many friends of "Bill Blue" on their return from Cape Breton. The wedding of Lt.-Col. William Archibald Blue to Miss Euphemia Margaret MacIntyre took place in Ottawa on Saturday, August 22nd. Our cheery correspondent of "By-Town Bits" did not include this item in his newsy column this month, but in our next issue we hope to be able to give our readers more information regarding the matter. How about it, Bill?

DANCE AT THE NORTH SYDNEY YACHT CLUB

On Friday evening, August 7th, the officer of the C.A.F. stationed at and in the vicinity of Sydney, gave a small dance at the Northern Yacht Club as a slight token of their appreciation of the kindness shown them by the Yacht Club members during their stay in Sydney.

Through the efforts of Mr. Christie, a member of the Yacht Club committee, the Blue and White Orchestra was procured and supper arranged for on the same scale as was the custom at the fortnightly dances at the club. Dancing commenced at nine p.m. and lasted till one. During the course of the evening, the vice-commodore proposed the health of the officers and stated the general regret that was felt by all the members at the rumour of the early departure of the military.

Major Nordheimer, in replying to the toast, stated the appreciation felt by the officers present, as well as those whose duties prevented their presence, at the opportunity given them to entertain the members of the Northern Yacht Club, and he was sure that the friendships formed would not

be soon forgotten.

Among those present were Lt.-Col. and Mrs. J. A. McDonald, Mr. and Mrs. McIsaac, Mr. and Mrs. Christie, Mrs. Bagnell, Miss Helen Lowe, Mrs. Poulin, Miss Margaret McLean, Miss Tete McDonald, Miss Marguerite O'Handley, Miss Ada McKinnon, Major D. B. Bowie, Lt.-Col. Langford, Lt.-Col. Duhault, Major R. Nordheimer, Major F. Sawers, Capt. M. Drury, Capt. Campbell, Capt. Bertheau, Capt. Bate, Capt. Stone, Capt. McCulloch, Major Henshaw, Lt. McDonald, Lt. Andrews, Capt. Beresford and Lt. Bates.

PRESENTATION TO ROYAL CAPE BRETON YACHT CLUB

Before the withdrawal of the C.A.F. from Sydney, a handsome silver cup was presented by the officers of the C.A.F. to the Royal Cape Breton Yacht Club, as an appreciation of the courtesy shown them by the members during their various tours in Sydney in Aid of the Civil Power. The cup bore the following inscription: "Presented to the Commodore, Flag Officers and Members of the Royal Cape Breton Yacht Club by the officers of the Permanent Force on duty in Cape Breton in Aid of the Civil Power."

PRESENTATION OF CRICKET BATS TO THE SYDNEY CRICKET CLUB

Before leaving Sydney, three cricket bats were ordered to be sent to the Sydney Cricket Club by the R.C.D. and R.C.R. to replace those so kindly lent by the Sydney Cricket Club to the various military cricket elevens.

The troops who attended the memorial service at Sydney in honour of the Highland Regiment recruited from that district during the late war, had a good example of what happens when one allows sentiment to carry one away. During his oration, the Padre repeatedly exhorted his audience to be Highlanders. His eloquence was all too successful, as was proved by his distressed expression on viewing the collection plate at the termination of the service.

"I wonder why he married his former wife's sister?" "I think it was because he didn't want to go to the trouble of breaking in another mother-in-law."

Bytown Bits.

Dragoons Camp.—The annual camp of the Princess Louise Dragoon Guards was held at Connaught Ranges from July 7th to 15th. The regiment was authorized to train 120 all ranks with 90 horses this year, and paraded one over strength. The regiment was commanded by Lieut.-Col. W. A. Blue, with Major F. B. Inkster as second in command. Two cadets from R.M.C., Francis and de Miffonis, both ex-privates of the regiment, were attached for instruction. Owing to the strike way down east there was no officer instructor, but Q.M.S.I. T. A. Aisthorpe, D.C.M., M.M., did yeoman service. He also looked after the Third Dragoons and Fourth Hussars during their training. Owing to the short time at the disposal nothing more elaborate than squadron training was attempted, and the regiment won high praise from Major-General J. H. Elmsley, who conducted the inspection on the 14th. A bit of scouting and the new machine gun map were responsible for the discovery of a magnificent new area a mile or so from the camp. This land covers a stretch three miles long and almost two miles wide. No fences, only one small ditch and all kinds of cover. At the inspection after the squadron had been given the once-over, the regiment formed in line over a mile away from the inspecting officer and came into action on the gallop. Even the rottonest section did well, and horses that had hitherto refused by all that was holy to be led away, trotted after their mates in approved cavalry manner.

The regimental dinner was a decided success, and in addition to ex-commanding officers, the officers commanding the city units were present, and several from headquarters. Owing to the refusal of the O.C. to allow any 4.4 in camp the dinner was dry, nothing but soda water with Scotch being served. A feature of the evening was a presentation to Captain E. Gamble, of the Colonial Auxiliary Forces Officers Decoration. Considerable excitement was caused when someone pulled a false alarm of fire about eleven o'clock and Tiny Walker's new motor fire engine made its first official appearance. The regimental sports were held on Saturday, the 11th, and over 400 motored out from town to attend the sports and the officers' "At Home."

Batteries Camp.—The 1st Brigade, C.F.A., spent six days in Petawawa in July. Colonel Aus-

tin Gillies, O.B.E., was in command.

Machine Gunners Train.—The Ottawa Company of the Machine Gunners trained at Connaught from August 1st to 8th. Their strength was forty all ranks, under Captain Billy Ross.

A Roundel.—When summer time comes round you know The R.C.D. pack their bags and go To spend their summer holiday By the sea (add whatever else you please.)

A Serious Question.—There is considerable discussion here as to how much money the author of "My Diary" won while he was on board ship in 1914 and at Salisbury Plain. Or how much he lost. How about it?

Panet Family Re-union.—A family of seven brothers, distinguished for their brilliant service in the army at home and abroad, recently came together in Ottawa for a brief re-union. They are the sons of the late Colonel Panet, former Deputy Minister of Militia himself a distinguished soldier, with an enviable record of service in the Dominion.

With the exception of Mr. Philip Panet, K.C., of Windsor, all are soldiers, and part of their family gathering was spent at Petawawa.

The family includes Major-General Henry Panet, D.S.O., of the headquarters staff at Ottawa; Brigadier-General Eugene Panet, late of the Royal Engineers of the Imperial Army; Brigadier-General Edward Panet, chief of staff of the investigation services of the Canadian Pacific Railway, Montreal; Colonel de Lotbiniere Panet, of the permanent force British Columbia.

Now a Highlander.—Ho Lem, the Calgary Chinese who did such good shooting at D.R.A. last year, now belongs to a Highland Regiment in Calgary. You got check?

Are Missing at Lloyds.—Several bright faces that usually are seen across the fist-banged boards at Henry's are missing this year, and the place does not seem as cheerful as it should. However, we are glad to know that at least some of the lads are able to go motor-boating and catch fish at two dollars a bottle. Might as well try to catch the odd asbestos cat as to get anything like that here.

Strike Settled.—The daily papers tell us that the six-months-

strike at Sydney is settled, and that the troops in the area will be withdrawn. The fact of leaving their summer home by the sea brings to mind the famous march the regiment made in March, 1917, when they left the Bourseville area for the line north of St. Quentin. It was a cold wintry day with snow, and they were plugging along when they passed an infantry regiment. The following sally was exchanged:

P.B.I.: "Oo the 'ell are you?"

R.C.D.: "The Royal Canadian Dragoons."

P.B.I.: "Ow, lost yer 'bleedin' 'ome by the seaside did yer?"

D.R.A. Meet.—According to advices received, this year's meet of the Dominion Rifle Association will be the biggest one since the war. Colonel Birdwhistle, the secretary, reports a very large number of entries from all over Canada, and a banner week is looked for.

Still Used.—Henry's O Pip is still used to a very great extent by the gallant gunners on their way to and from Petawawa. Every week-end there is a bunch of the lads examining the 8.4 shells that Henry and his staff produce from

their arsenal.

Cavalry Association.—At the annual meeting of the 3rd Military District branch of the Canadian Cavalry Association held in Ottawa on the 7th instant, Major C. B. Hancock, M.C., 4th Hussars, was elected vice-president, and Captain W. S. Hills, 3rd P. W.C.D., secretary, for the district. The convention will be held in Toronto October 5th and 6th.

A NEW VERSION

After the ball was over,
Most of the troops went away;
Those who remained were in clo-
ver,
While the sun shone they made
hay;
Cares and sorrows were banished,
Someone made a wonderful haul,
Caps and cap-badges vanished
After the ball.

Two convicts managed to get a few minutes of conversation.

"Hello, mate," said one, "how did you manage to get here?" "I'm the victim of my unlucky number, thirteen." "How's that?" "Twelve jurors and one judge."

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Stanley Barracks Notes

The following account of the proceedings in connection with the presentation of a Union Jack to the City of Niagara Falls, N.Y., is taken from the Toronto "Mail and Empire" of the 9th of June:

"The Union Jack and the Stars and Stripes are flying together from the City Hall in Niagara Falls, N.Y., following one of the most colourful international functions ever held here. Preceded by the city pipe band and with a body guard consisting of two troops of Royal Canadian Dragoons, with full equipment and lances fixed and pennants flying, Mayor Stephens presented a Union Jack to the city of Niagara Falls, N.Y. The parade was of great length, and was met in the centre of the lower bridge by Mayor Laughlin, of Niagara Falls, N.Y., and a contingent of New York State Police. The procession moved to the city hall, where the ceremony of presentation and hoisting of the flag took place. In an eloquent address, Mayor Stephens spoke of the friendly relations among Canada, the British Empire and the United States, and the co-operation which exists. Following the ceremony the Dragoons put on a musical ride in the presence of a huge crowd.

The following officers, Lt.-Col. Bell, Major Timmis, Major Stethem, Major Baty, Captain Wood and Lieutenant Chadwick, and 48 other ranks took part. Colonel Bell replied to the speech of welcome tendered by an officer of the United States Army, in a few well-chosen words. The musical ride seemed to be greatly appreciated by the large crowd of spectators. The detachment from "B" Squadron left Niagara Camp at 7.20 a.m. and rode to Niagara Falls, reaching there about 11 a.m., where they were accommodated in a wooded park adjoining the nurses' home of the General Hospital. Lines for the horses were provided by the fire brigade and watering arrangements by the city. At 2.30 the party left for Niagara Falls, N.Y., and returned to their halting place at 6.30, where supper, including 4.4, was had, and the party reached camp again at 10 p.m.

Personals

The sale of the new beer in the canteen is still being awaited. Authority for the sale is still hanging fire owing to the special clauses of the act, which require tables, etc., but it is understood that special arrangements will shortly be authorized.

Notes

Ex-Lieutenant T. Aatkins, who is at present in charge of the Provincial Police at Niagara Falls, Ont., paid a visit to the camp on the 7th.

H.Q. and "B" Squadron, Royal Canadian Dragoons, moved into camp at Niagara-on-the-Lake on the 4th inst. "B" Company, the Royal Canadian Regiment, went over at the same time, and Stanley Barracks now presents a very deserted appearance. Q.M.S. McLean, with six men, has been left to keep things in order.

A camp school will be held from the 12th to the 27th of June and the Militia Camp will be from the 19th to the 27th. The limited establishments authorized 70 per unit, will be present from the following cavalry regiments: Governor General's Body Guard, Mississauga Horse, 2nd Dragoons.

Cross-Word Puzzle

Evenly last month's puzzle presented some difficulties, as there were not a great number of replies. On the other hand, interest in these competitions may be waning, and for this reason we have decided to omit a puzzle for this issue at any rate. If it is found that interest is still keen in this form of amusement cross-word puzzles will be presented in some future numbers. We would be pleased to hear from our readers as to whether they wish the cross-word puzzles continued. The winners of last month's puzzle prizes are confined to the Sergeants Mess, Stanley Barracks, and are all members of the Regiment. The order in which the replies were received was as follows: Q.M.S. F. Ackerman, Sergeant W. C. Hare, (a combined effort on the part of the regimental orderly room staff so far as we are able to judge. By the way, they informed us that they worked for several days on the puzzle), Q.M.S.I. H. E. Karcher, Sgt. Ins. Hallett, Sergeant A. Buell.

Cheques for \$1.00 each have been mailed to the above.

From personal observation we feel safe in asserting that there are more comic strips on the beaches than in the newspapers."

"Been hunting today, stranger?" "Yes." "Shot anything?" "I don't know yet—I'm waiting for the rest of the party to get into camp so that we can call the roll."

"A" SQUADRON RETURNS TO ST. JOHNS.

When word was received on Friday, August 21st, that the remaining troops were to entrain for their respective stations on Saturday, August 22nd, at 20.30 hrs., "A" Squadron, less one troop, were at Victoria Park, Sydney. A composite troop under Major Sawers, with Captain Drury as troop officer, was stationed at Sydney Mines, and were picked up by the troop train there.

Saturday, August 22nd, was a red letter day for all ranks, and from daylight till the hour of departure willing hands struck canvas, piled tent floors and did the necessary fatigues associated with the breaking up of camp. The horses were loaded at 18.30 hours in palace horse cars, though not before several of the most obstinate ones had given considerable trouble. The Halifax company of the R.C.R. entrained at 20.15 hours and half an hour later, amidst hearty "Good-bye's" and "God speed's" from the many friends at the station, the train pulled out on the homeward journey. A dinner was taken on at Margrave and breakfast was served before we reached Truro. There "A" Company bade us farewell. The very friendly associations fostered during our stay at Victoria Park between both units will long remain a pleasant memory, and one could wish for no better 'pals' anywhere than the gallant gentlemen of "A" Company. Before the train left Truro we had the pleasure of seeing O.C. C.A.F. Lt.-Col. Elkins, and also the genial S.S. & T.O. M.D. 6, Major "Stub" Lawson.

From Truro on, our train made wonderfully good time, so rapid in fact that we pulled into the station at Moncton before the Ocean Limited had left, though the latter had left Truro before we did. Everything that goes to make an enjoyable train journey was in evidence; the meals were good, the sleeping accommodation excellent, the weather was cool, and last but not least, we were going "Home." Our schedule called for our arrival at St. Johns at 14.30 hours, August 24th, but we were actually in Barracks by 13.00 hours. Thus ended our tour of duty in Aid of the Civil Power for 1925, and may it be a long time before we have to spend another summer under such conditions.

"Waiter, it is almost half an hour since I ordered that turtle soup." Waiter: "Sorry, sir, but you know how slow turtles are."

The Departure From Cape Breton.

As soon as the word was received that the strike was over, the absorbing topic of conversation was "How soon will we get home?" The more optimistic ones set Friday, August 7th, as the date on which the first train would leave, but as Friday and Saturday came and went, optimism gave place to pessimism, and it was no uncommon thing to hear some disgruntled individual, whose date in the C.A.F. Pool had passed name Christmas as the likely day of departure.

Those who had visions of Niagara and Petawawa Camp staring them in the face secretly prayed that their departure would be delayed until after the 15th, at which date, operation orders stated, all troops still in the area, on receiving orders to withdraw, would proceed to their stations. To the joy of them and regret of others, the first troop train carrying the R.C.H.A. Brigade left Sydney at 20.00 hours, August 14th, bound for Petawawa, while subsequent trains carrying "B" Squadron, R.C.D., "C" Company, The R.C.

R., the R.M.C. Riding Establishment, "D" Company and "B" Company, the Royal 22nd Regiment, the R.C.R., the Garrison Artillery, and Lt.-Col. J. H. Duhamel, R.C.A.V.C., left on August 15th, 16th and 17th.

"A" Squadron, R.C.D., and "A" Company, R.C.R., remained in the danger zone as a rear guard, to clean up the camp area, be held responsible for shortages in BESCO stores, and other varied and useful duties. This small but efficient force was concentrated at Victoria Park under Major Bowie, and, with a troop at Sidney Mines under Major Sawers, was all that stood between the slumbering city of Sydney and the vengeful hordes of miners, who, according to our intelligence reports, were slowly but surely undermining the very pillars of society.

What anxious days and more anxious nights those were for the small but dissolute (I mean resolute) band of heroes. Watches were doubled, re-doubled, and pawned. Posts were established, relieved and collected, inlying piquets were sent forth to bring in outlying piquets; in fact everything that could be done to strengthen our morals and defeat the

enemy was done and undone. But still the war went on. Finally it was decided to throw all caution to the winds and resort to methods which had been successful in France and in previous strikes. Nothing was overlooked. A waiter who had been at the strike in 1923 remembered that the day the order to move came, blueberries had been ordered for the officers mess. The mess secretary was at once ordered to buy quantities of blue, green and raspberries. On looking up War Diaries, it was found that the announcement of regimental sports always brought forth a movement order on the day set aside for the sports. Camp sports were immediately organized for Saturday, August 22nd. Reports were collected from Sydney Mines as to the peacefulness of the population. The president of the Board of Trade stated that he saw no reason why the troops should remain now that the miners had drawn their pay and had drunk up all the rum and beer. The mayor stated he never saw any reason why the troops had been sent in the first place, as they were not asked for by him. The mother superior of Convent of Our Lady of the Snows, stated, when asked if she saw any reason

to keep the troops, "Nun."

The leading bootlegger forwarded a lengthy document, stating that the demand had fallen so considerably since a new shipment of chocolate bars had arrived, that he insisted the troops be withdrawn at once, if not sooner. All these messages were sent to the O.C., C.A.F., Victoria Park, by secret code, and were at once transmitted by wireless to the G.O.C., M.D. 6 at Halifax. The line was not very clear, but our friend, the operator, reported the conversation to be as follows:

O.C.C.A.F.: "This is Bowie speaking, sir."

G.O.C.: "Who? Dows?"

O.C.C.A.F.: "No, sir, no such luck. Bowie; B-o-w-i-e."

G.O.C.: "Oh, yes, Bowie. What can I do for you?"

O.C.C.A.F.: "I want to report, sir, that I have taken all possible precautions against being disturbed and have reports from all the leading and trailing citizens of Sydney Mines to the effect that they want the troops to be kept."

G.O.C.: "Have you ordered blueberries for your Mess?"

O.C.C.A.F.: "Yes, sir; for Sunday morning."

G.O.C.: "Have you arranged

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for spors for Saturday afternoon?"

O.C.C.A.F.: "Yes, sir; and the sappers have built the jumps."

G.O.C.: "Thanks very much."

At 17.30 hours a wire was received ordering the troops to be entrained by 18.30 hours Saturday night and to proceed to their respective stations. "The old order of things changeth not."

Notes from Sydney Mines.

The detachment of "B" Sqn., under Major Timmis, D.S.O., and Captain Bate, who had been stationed here since the 16th of June, returned on July 27th to Sydney for a "much needed rest," and were replaced by Major Sawers, M.C., Captain Drury, and the 2nd Troop, "A" Squadron.

Fortunately one's first impressions of a place are no aways lasting, because our introduction to Sydney Mines could hardly be described by that slang expression "not too dusty." There seemed to be a distinct lack of coal in the area, but a superabundance of coal dust, and from the point of view of the local inhabitants it must have been a difficult to tell whether the new arrivals were a detachment of "Black and Tan" or a party of Provincial Police in review order. However, after several applications of the liquid that flows under the bridges, and the strenuous and judicious use of sponges and body brushes, men and horses began to assume a more normal appearance; and some of our number were recognized and enthusiastically welcomed by the citizens, as having previously paid a visit to the town on the evening of June 15th. S. S.M. Smith, mounted on his white horse, "Great Scott," received an unusually large and undeserved portion of this welcome, and we are led to believe that Trooper Weeks and "Teddy" must have made the best of their time whilst in Sydney Mines that night.

A detachment of the R.C.H.A. are furnishing the dismounted personnel for the protection of the "barracks" here, and we were greatly impressed by the principles of tactics they have employed in siting their sentry beat so that the enemy can observe and keep a close tab on the "movements" of the local inhabitants in our immediate vicinity.

Apart from a game of indoor baseball against the R.C.H.A. detachment, in which we defeated them by a score of 7-3, our act-

ivities in the sporting line have been very similar to those enjoyed in the other areas; "The Wild Goose Chase," "Hide and Go Seek," and "Lights Out," as described in last month's issue of "The Goat," are still extremely popular. Unfortunately, the game of "Spoofing" has had to be discontinued owing to the fact that the provincial police have withdrawn from the league. But Major Sawers has invented a very able substitute, known as "midnight solitaire."

This game is played in our spare time between the hours of midnight and three a.m. It might be described as an exhibition game, and can be played either mounted or dismounted, no opponents are necessary, only one team being required, but that team should be as strong as possible. The rules are quite simple. The team sallies forth at an uncertain time between the above-mentioned hours and proceeds to amble noisily up and down the main streets of the town, down back alleys, and occasionally wends its way through the country to the nearby villages, the object being to create an impression on the inhabitants. The method of scoring is as follows: the team is credited with a number of points equal to its strength and one point is deducted for each inhabitant encountered. Should the team lose all its points it must return to the enclosure and start again; but should it make a complete circuit of the area and return to report that "It has seen nobody, and nobody has seen it," the "solitaire" is then considered to have been successfully worked out.

A searchlight has now been installed on the top of the Jubilee Mine, and Captain Hanington spends most of his evenings up on the top with a pair of night glasses—looking for eats!

Our good friend Mr. Ross, who has been with us as the representative of the Civil Power, has left us to resume his civilian duties, and has been replaced by Mr. Matthew McLean, of Sydney Mines.

Medical arrangements here are under the supervision of Major Nat. MacDonald, C.A.M.C. Major MacDonald is a veteran of the South African and the Great War, and seems to greatly enjoy being connected with active work in the service again. The medical inspection room here is tended by our old friend Cpl. Baker, R.C.A. M.C., who has installed himself behind a counter in a corner of the company store where we are billeted. He has decorated the wall in such a way that it reminds one of "all the comforts of home"

and his winning smile as he gracefully hands a No. 9 over the counter to some unsuspecting recruit of the R.C.H.A., and asks, "Is there anything else today, sir?" never fails but to bring forth the reply, "Why, yes, corporal, I think I had better have two of them."

So life rolls on day after day. Aiding the Civil Power is not the most exciting of pastimes, even at its best.

At 5 p.m. on Tuesday, August 11th, the sounding of the BESCO whistles announced that there would be work the following day in the Sydney Mines collieries, and everyone seemed to wear a look of extreme satisfaction, except a bunch of pit ponies who were returning to work in the pits. The ponies all looked fat and frisky, and are about the only ones who have derived any real benefit out of the strike, they having led life of ease and luxury since last March.

At the time of going to press we are anxiously awaiting definite orders to entrain.

THE STRIKE SETTLEMENT

The terms of the final agreement between the U.M.W. and the BESCO provided certain "give and take" features on both sides, but taken as a whole, the consensus of opinion was that the new Conservative Government of Nova Scotia had fearlessly taken the bull by the horns and had brought the long and disastrous strike to an end, without "fear, favour, partiality or affection," as the M.M. L. says, to either side.

The Company agreed to abolish the "black list" and to abide by the result of the vote on the "check-off."

The miners agreed to accept the 1922 wage scale under the 1924 working conditions.

The Government agreed to remit a percentage of the coal royalty from the company and to supervise a vote by secret ballot of the miners on the "check-off."

The whole agreement was for a period of six months, and a Royal Commission was to be appointed during that time to thoroughly investigate the conditions of the coal industry in Nova Scotia.

Thus ended the disastrous industrial tie-up of 1925, which had crippled the coal industry of Cape Breton, ruined many valuable mines, driven the merchants into a state verging on bankruptcy, destroyed property and otherwise brought untold hardships to thousands of innocent people throughout the province.

What the final outcome of the

present agreement will be is hard to say, but one thing appears to be certain to every sane-minded man, be he miner or official, and that is that the time has come to put an end to that unbearable state of affairs where the policy of the majority is vested in the hands of a few. It is the earnest desire of all those who have been in touch with the situation in Cape Breton that the investigation, when held, be most searching, so that the wrong, if wrong there be, shall cease to exist, and the final agreement become a lasting one. Then and only then, we will see peace and prosperity rise Phoenix-like from the ashes of industrial warfare and distrust, and the great maritime province of Nova Scotia take her place among the great coal-bearing areas of the North-American continent.

HERE, THERE AND EVERYWHERE.

Extract from any social function report in Nova Scotia 'Among those present was Miss Macdonald.'

Overheard at Florenz as Major S. rides by: 'Hey, there, Boy, I don't think much of your cap.'

Sydney Mines favourite song: The rich men lives in palaces, The poor men live in shacks; But the miners live in Company huts,

And they are full of cracks.

The future holds no hope, she said, Nothing but grief and woe ahead; Then cast her sad self down to rest

Just where some wasps had built their nest; And soon she rose to find That all her troubles lay behind.

Here's to the girls, the young ones, But not too young, For the good die young, and nobody wants a dead one. Here's to the girls, the old ones, But not too old; For the old dye too, and nobody wants a dyed one.

"That's a very nice coat your wife wears," said a man to one of his friends. "You must be making a lot of money these days." "As a matter of fact," answered the other, "She got that coat by accident." "By accident?" "Yes; the other night the hall was dark when I arrived home. I saw a figure standing near the hat-stand. I went up and whispered: 'Mary, give me a kiss.' "But I thought your wife's name was Kate." "So it is; that's how she got the coat."

NOTES FROM THE STRIKE

AREA

During our brief stay at the Sydney rest camp, the true meaning of "what's in a name?" was very forcibly brought home to those of the Squadron who had not had the doubtful honour of "resting" before. The monotonous hours were wiled away performing those many little tasks which are a peculiarity of all rest camps. In the evenings—Ah!—but that's a different matter altogether; why bother about details, as a certain literary character once very aptly remarked "comparisons are odorous."

After a great deal of palaver the detachment from "B" Squadron, stationed at Sydney Mines, were reluctantly compelled to vacate that station, being relieved by a detachment from "A" Squadron under Major Sawers. Of course, from the manner in which our friends of our sister squadron had so firmly entrenched themselves in Sydney Mines, we had a pretty good idea that it was not only in Denmark that something was decidedly rotten. After "taking over" we could quite appreciate the altruistic motives which prompted the steadfastness of "B" Squadron. However, we were repeatedly informed before leaving that the civil population lost nothing by the change.

Reserve Mines being what it was, the removal of "B" Squadron from thence occasioned no undue heartburnings. They were replaced by a detachment from "A" Squadron under Captain Hammond. "D" Company, R.C.R. was also stationed there, as was a platoon of the 22nd Regiment. The social amenities were not observed to anything like the same extent at this mining town as some we wot of. The most popular man in Reserve was Mr. Stevens, a company official. His company was constantly sought by the more favoured; but then perhaps it wasn't Mr. Stevens' company they were seeking. On the whole, the state of things at Reserve wasn't much bon—if we may be excused the war-time expression, and so the order to move produced a general feeling of elation. We were under orders for Sydney, while the R.C.R. and the 22nd Regiment were bound for their respective permanent stations.

Our dear friends from the infantry regaled us with the usual military bandage, but the knowledge that we were covering their disorderly retirement, and incidentally, keeping out from under the "sword of Niagara," sustained our courage.

Returning to Sydney, after a short stay at the steel plant, we moved up to Victoria Park, an ideal site for a camp from the troopers' point of view. We were situated quite close to the sea, and many took advantage of the fact. Recreational sports were indulged in during the afternoons, and in the evenings—well, we'll leave it to your imagination; some things are too sacred for matter-of-fact print.

On Saturday, August 22nd, came orders to move. Amidst much bustle and excitement we eventually entrained. Came tearful farewells, chocked-off sobs, and that sort of paraphernalia usually associated with the parting of good friends. As the train steamed out of Sydney we experienced mixed feelings — sorrow at leaving our new friends, and yet rather glad to be on the way to our old pastures. They say we'll be back in Cape Breton in six months; well, worse things can easily happen to us. If we go, we'll be happy in renewing friendships; an if we don't go, we'll have the satisfaction of knowing that our friends in Cape Breton are experiencing a little of the prosperity to which they are fully entitled.

SPORTING NOTES — "A" SQUADRON

Unfortunately the long sojourn in Cape Breton played havoc with our sports and nothing much was accomplished during our absence.

Several members of the Squadron played on the Military Cricket eleven at Sydney of which Major Nordheimer was Captain. Tprs. Russell, Beetham, Rowe, Dawkes, S.M. Mountford and Sgt. Sheehy represented the Squadron at various times, and all acquitted themselves most creditably.

On August 19th a match took place between "A" Squadron and "A" Company, R.C.R., which was won by the latter after a thoroughly enjoyable afternoon's sport.

On Friday, August 21st, a game of indoor baseball was played between the same units, which resulted in a victory for the R.C.R. by the narrow margin of one run, after two extra innings had been played.

The Squadron was scheduled to put on some mounted events in the sports day meeting which was to have been held on Saturday, August 22nd, but which was postponed owing to the departure of the troops.

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CORRESPONDENCE

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Glace Bay, N.S.
August 3rd, 1925.

Editor, "The Goat,"
R.C.D., Sydney, N.S.

Honoured Sir or Madame:—

I write to you in the hopes as how you could put me wise to where I could lay my glimmers on the guy what fooled my darter. If I could locate the cuss you would have a hobitury notice in your paper by now. He is short and kind of fat, but not so fat as how he couldn't run fast when I catches him eortin my gal. His legs was kind of bent like one of them tin soldiers my kids play with, and he had R.C. something on his shoulder and some kind of animal on his neck. He tels Rosie he was in the Calvary and was Hoochkiss shooter but from the way he shoots the bull to my Rosie I think he was more like one o them Torddoors as comes from where they make the Spanish omelettes. He gives my gal a lot of junk for keepsakes but they dosnt look much to me. One thing

be called a dandy brush, but of all the Godforsaken lookin mangy brushes I ever see it was the worst-est. Then he gave her a lump of hay all tied up in knots like my old man after taking too much rum, which he says is a wisp and that he knowed a hoffer in Toronto who slept with one under his pillow to take the Staycomb out of his hair at night. He promised to give my gal a nice bill-fold and he was going to get it made by one of his chums who miks abawi with leather for his living. He borrows a dollar from Rosie so he can get the fold the right size and we aint never seed him since.

If youse know who he is tell him to keep away from this town and send back the dollar and take away his junk.

Hoping youse cant git him to see light,

respectably,
Mrs. Lotta Gin.

29 Pawlett Road,
Bathwick, Bath,
England.

Sir:—

I enclose \$1.00 subscription fee for "The Goat," and hope and trust it will be a success, for, of

course, being an old comrade, I am very much interested to see and read and recognize the old names and places you mention in the one I received, also the St. Johns Barracks. I remember well when we came from Toronto in 1906 and marched into Barracks from the G.T.R., headed by the St. Johns Band and lots of civilians, and I was the first man to go on guard at the main gate. How many old originals still serving remember me to all the old boys. I am still going strong. I have a couple of useful recruits for the old regiment some day (two boys).

Wishing your paper the greatest of success,

I remain,
Yours truly,
George Amtee.

July 11th, 1925

106 Kendall Road,
Colchester, Essex.

Editor, "The Goat"

Dear Sir:—

Am forwarding a postal order for one dollar for "The Goat" for ensuing year, hoping you will have no bother to change it, as I cannot get a dollar bill from Lloyd's Bank. Trusting this will

find you well and all the old squadron A-1, as it leaves me about the same as usual.

Yours truly,
Andrew F. Goodall
August 19th, 1925.

FIRST COMPLETE FIGURES
ON PRICE OF GREAT WAR

London, July 28.—After several years' work, the League of Nations has finished the first complete assessment of the material losses of the world war, officially compiled from all the nations that participated. Here is the net result of the shot fired eleven years ago by a gay Austrian officer:

9,998,771 known dead.
2,991,800 presumed dead.
6,295,512 seriously wounded.
14,002,039 otherwise wounded.
\$186,333,637,097 direct cost of the war.

\$29,960,000,000 property loss of the war.
\$33,551,276,280 capitalized value of loss of life.

In assessing the capitalized figures, the value of a human life for war purposes at \$4,720 for Americans, \$4,140 for British, and \$2,900 for French.

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17th DUKE OF YORK'S
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His Majesty the King has been pleased to approve an alliance between the 17th Duke of York's Royal Canadian Hussars and the 13th/18th Hussars.

It will be recalled that the 6th Hussars and the 17th Hussars were originally the First Montreal Troop of Cavalry, formed in 1863, and trained by instructors furnished by the 13th Hussars, who were then stationed in Montreal. At the meeting of officers held by the 13th/18th Hussars to discuss the alliance there was present the officer who commanded the 13th Hussars when they were stationed in Montreal. He said that he recalled the association very distinctly and urged that it be perpetuated.

The 17th D.Y.R.C. Hussars are occupying their new quarters in the post office, 18 Pine Avenue west. The building, which is shared with the 1st Brigade, C M.M.G.C., has been entirely rehabilitated by the Department of Public Works under the direction of H.Q. M.D. 4, and will afford splendid accommodation for training and social activities. Badminton courts are provided on the large top floor, which is also available for drill purposes.

It is planned to hold a house-warming in the early days of October and any members of 'A' Squadron, R.C.D., or 'D' Company, the R.C.R., who are able to be present will receive a hearty welcome.

R.S.M. "Tommy" Moore, 17th D.Y.R.C. Hussars is attending 'A' Wing, C.S.A.S., starting August 24th, to qualify for his warrant.

S.S.M. A. McClelland, 17th D.Y.R.C. Hussars, an old member of "A" Squadron, R.C.D., who attended "A" Wing, C.S.A.S., last year, is back again taking "B" Wing this year.

At the parade held to welcome Earl Haig, the Canadian Cavalry were represented by a detachment of three officers and sixteen other ranks, under Lieut.-Col. E. Gill, M.C., 17th D.Y.R.C. H. (C.R.)

At the dinner given to Earl Haig at the Mount Royal Hotel, Montreal, on July 27th, Lieut.-Col. L. M. Hooker and the officers of the 17th D.Y.R.C. Hussars were hosts at a Cavalry Table. Among the others were Lieut.-Col. H. A. Stewart, 13th S.L.D. (C.R.) Lieut.-Col. E. Gill, M.C., 17th D.

Y.R.C.H., (C.R.), Major G. H. A. Stevenson, 6th Hussars, Major D. S. Inglis, Major B. C. Hutchison, Captain H. W. Johnston, Captain and Bvt. Major A. G. Nutter, Captain F. A. Hamlet, M.C., (C.R.), Captain S. A. Terroux, Lieut. C. de B. Bouthillier, Lieut. C. L. Ransom, all 17th D.Y.R.C. Hussars, Captain S. Dudley, M.C., 19th Light Cavalry (Indian Army), formerly 4th D.G., Lieut. Atto. 5th C.M.R., and several more.

"B" and "C" Squadrons, 17th D.Y.R.C. Hussars at Lachute, have taken up shooting, and have a six hundred yards range. This range is being run by a Lachute section of the 17th D.Y.R.C. Hussars Rifle Association, and a challenge match between Lachute and Montreal sections is scheduled for the first week in September, to be fired at Lachute.

S.S.M. A. E. Budd, 17th D.Y. R.C. Hussars, met with a serious accident some weeks ago while at work. Some boxes fell on him and injured him severely, breaking several ribs and both arms, one of which has been amputated below the shoulder, while the other is partially disabled. S.M. Budd is now up and about, and was able to turn out to welcome Earl Haig in Montreal.

THE DOMINION RIFLE ASSOCIATION MEETING, 1925.

About 500 competitors took part in the recently-concluded D.R.A. meeting at the Connaught Ranges, the standard attained was higher than last year, due to the more general use of the aperture sight.

The high man in the Bisley aggregate had an average score of 93.4%, and the 18th man about 92%. The most remarkable shooting of the week was made by Lt. Burke, who won the "King's Medal." With open sights and out of a possible 50 in each case, his score was:

Bankers Match, deliberate at 600 yards, 47; Borden Rapid Fire, 300 yards, 41; Dundonald Snap Shooting, 300 yards, 41; Gzowski-Fire with movement, 600—100 yards, 46. Total, 175.

This score was nine points higher than last year's winner, and the Dundonald Snapshooting at an 18-inch disk with a 7-inch bull was fired at 300 yards instead of 200 yards, as in previous years. The Borden Rapid Fire competition at a 9-inch bull at 300 yards, the time was cut from 45 seconds to 40 seconds, competitors loaded and standing at the order when the targets appeared. The Gzowski

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Trophy Fire with movement includes kneeling at 400 and 300 and standing at 200 and 100 yards. Lt. Burke also made eighteenth place on the Bisley Aggregate, proving that his winning the King's Prize at Bisley last year was no fluke.

One P.F. man, S.M. Russell, R.C.E., London, Ont., made his place among the first eighteen for next year's Bisley Team. The weather during the week greatly favoured the more experienced marksmen. The sole representative of the regiment, Q.M.S.I. Brown, managed to get in the prize money in the five events, getting 20th place in the Borden, 67th place in the Dun-donald, 16th in the Bankers, 90th in the City of Ottawa and 17th in the Judging Distance. He reports his chief difficulty lay in his inability to read "mirage" accurately enough to keep inside a 6-inch and 9-inch bull at 200 and 300 yards respectively. In the Walker Match his first shot was a bull on the wrong target, which he followed up by six successive bulls on his own, making a total of 30 with a miss.

Canadian Small Arms School

The four members of the Regimental Instructional Cadre from St. Johns are in their third week as students of the Vickers M.G. in "B" Wing. New regulations call for instructors to be qualified in this branch.

They report the work as most interesting, and it includes thorough Topography and the use of the Barr & Stroud range-finder.

Capt. James Wood, "B" Squadron, has taken up his duties as instructor in "A" Wing.

S.S.M.I. Cox and S/I Hallett are on the instructional staff of "A" Wing.

Sgt. Costello, "B" Squadron, is attending as a student in "A" Wing.

POLO NOTES

The International Army Matches in June between the British Army Team and the American Army proved very unsatisfactory from the British point of view. High hopes were held of the British four, made up of the two McCreery brothers, Captain Denning and Major Boles, who throughout their practice games had shown good team-work as well as brilliant individual efforts. The reasons for their defeat at the hands of the American team is, on form, hard to account for. The British ponies, from reports, were in no way inferior, either in speed or hardiness, to the American mounts; our team had undergone

intensive training and were in the pink of condition, they were playing on the kind of ground they were used to before a friendly audience, amongst whom were Their Majesties the King and Queen; and yet they were beaten, and if reports are true, outplayed by their opponents in both matches. Form is a great help in arriving at probable results, but is never infallible.

To the writer's mind, there were two reasons for the defeat of the British four, and both can be overcome by determination. Our American cousins take their games very seriously, whether they be polo, golf, tennis, yachting or athletics. No stone is left unturned to have the best the country can produce on the field. The American Army four were picked from the best polo players in the army and played together, when selected, all winter in the South against the best teams in the States. The result was that they opposed by teams within the full meaning of the word, who had played together in countless tournaments and knew every point of the finer polo. It is not incorrect to say that there were many teams opposed to the American Army four, in their trial matches before leaving for England, who could have defeated the British Army team with ease. The result was that the Americans were used to playing at top speed against the finest players in the country and developed their team work and skill under the most difficult conditions.

The British four, on the other hand, played most of their trial matches against hastily-formed teams of high individual merit, but lacking that cohesion so necessary to produce high scoring ability. It is doubtful if they were ever hard pressed to win and if they were, by the combinations opposed to them, surely they were not the best the country could produce. The best training for high class polo is continuous playing against high class teams and in this respect the Americans had the greater advantage, partly on account of the opportunities for polo during the winter and partly because the whole country was determined to spare no efforts to fit them for the coming matches in England.

The second reason is because, in the writer's opinion, the American game is the kind that produces goals surely and simply, which is what wins matches. The players travel at top speed from beginning to end, never sparing their ponies, and hitting with full force. Like golf, the man who hits the longer ball, all other things being equal, has the advantage, and the Amer-

ican game produces some very powerful hitters. One often sees in hockey an exceptionally fast skater with a straight shot, break away from the more finished players who, in many cases, are better stick handlers, to score the necessary goals for his side, in spite of the combination and team-play of his opponents; I do not mean to imply that in American polo team play is neglected for individual effort, but the American policy is to produce hard-riding, hard, accurate players and then round them into a team. In Tommy Hitchcock and Dev. Milburn we have the finished product, and there are no greater exponents of long, accurate hitting in the world. Given an opening, either is likely to score from the centre of the field, and all the defensive play in the world is impotent against such tactics.

In England, more time is given to acquiring a variety of strokes, horsemanship and combination, all of which, while making the student a more finished player in the long run, too often when the "long run" comes, the player is too old to pit himself against the younger and more dashing players. There are those in English polo circles who have seen the writing on the wall and are preaching the doctrine of "fighting fire with fire," in other words, beating the Yanks at their own game, as was done in 1914, when Tomkinson, Cheape, Barrett and Lockett out-hit, out-rode and out-generated the famous American big four. If this doctrine is followed and plans made well ahead to collect the best the country can produce, pick the probable team and send them to Spain as Wimborne in 1914, to train, and on return, pit them for two months against the best teams in the country, then we may see, not only the Army Championship put the International Cup return once again across the "Herring Pond" to stay.

"A" Squadron lost no time in getting down to polo practice, and full advantage has been taken of the polo field. With the possible exception of the Woodbine Field at Toronto, there is nothing to touch the polo field at St. Johns in Canada. The boards are now up and the goal posts in place, so that all that is required for the official opening is a team to play against, and we hope to have one out from Montreal very soon. The ponies are going well and though, like the players, they have a lot to learn, no more promising material is in the country. We hope to see our old friend, Colonel McMillan, down here one of these days to

rub off the rough spots in our play in his own inimitable manner and with the return of Captain Hammond from Kentville our team will be complete and ready to say "Let's Go."

YOU

(By Edgar A. Guest)

You are the fellow that has to decide

Whether you'll do it or toss it aside.

You are the fellow who makes up your mind

Whether you'll lead or will linger behind—

Whether you'll try for the goal that's afar

Or be contented to stay where you are.

Take it or leave it. Here's something to do!

Just think it over. It's all up to you!

What do you wish? To be known as a shirk,

Known as a good man who's willing to work,

Scorned for a loafer or praised by your chief,

Rich man or poor man or beggar or thief?

Eager or earnest or dull through the day,

Honest or crooked? It's you who must say!

You must decide in the face of the test

Whether you'll shirk it or give it your best.

Nobody here will compel you to rise;

No one will force you to open your eyes;

No one will answer for you yes or no,

Whether to stay there or whether to go.

Life is a game, but it's you who must say

Whether as cheat or as sportsman you'll play.

Fate may betray you, but you settle first

Whether to live to your best or your worst.

So whatever it is you are wanting to be,

Remember, to fashion the choice you are free.

Kindly or selfish, or gentle or strong,

Keeping the right way or taking the wrong,

Careless of honour or guarding your pride,

All these are questions which you must decide.

Yours the selection, whichever you do;

The thing men call character's all up to you!

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What Every Horse- man Should Know.

(By Wayne Dinsmore, Secretary,
Horse Association of America.)

(The Cavalry Journal, U.S.A.)

There are but two living things
that all men, young or old, will
stop to look at. A beautiful horse
is one of them.

Since civilization began the
horse has been the companion, ser-
vant and friend of men. His speed
served the earliest people who
lived by their herds and flocks;
his power and docility aided their
first crude attempts at agri-
culture; his strength and courage
won battles and decided wars.

From the beginning victory has
rested on the banners of the na-
tions best equipped with horses
and mules. The last war was no
exception.

Horses and mules drew the guns
and carried the supplies through
the last dread zone that was ever
swept by artillery fire — across
ditches and over apparently in-
superable obstacles—for the horse
has never feared to go where man
dared lead or ride.

Back of the lines, on farms,
plantations and ranches; back of
the cattle, sheep and swine, pro-
ducing the grain and forage to
feed them and the bread grains to
feed the man-power of the bat-
tling nations — were horses and
mules which made increased food
production possible.

Millions of men were drawn
away from our farms to serve in
armies and in factories producing
war supplies; yet the average
grain production for the five war
years—1914 to 1919—was greater
by far than the previous ten year
average.

Abundant supplies of horses and
mules on America's farms alone
made this possible. Men who had
never driven more than two horses
in farm work learned to use, and
did use, six, eight and even twelve
horses on farm implements.

Plows, discs and seeders were
hitched together in gangs. Enough
animals were hitched before them
to furnish the necessary power and
the work done per man per day
was doubled and in many cases
trebled. The yield of every grain
crop was increased despite the de-
crease of man-power on farm. We
were told that food would win the
war. Horses and mules made our
increased food production possible.
Statistical details to prove this are
available from the Department of

Agriculture, and need not be given
here.

We are told the horse is vanishing;
that his usefulness is at an
end; that mechanical units have
superceded him on farms and in
cities.

The horse is vanishing only in
the imagination of those who
would profit by his elimination.
Their propaganda has misled
many into a false idea of the situation.

It is well to remember that there
are more than 17,000,000 horses
and mules actually at work each
crop season on our farms, planta-
tions and ranches; approximately
two million more at work in cities,
towns and villages, mines and lum-
ber camps and in other non-agri-
cultural work; and about half a
million more actually in use under
saddle principally in our range
states. Over and above the nineteen
and a half million actually
engaged in work, we have around
four and a half million foals, year-
lings and two years old, too young
to work, which represent our re-
placement and from one and one-
half to two million more that are
old enough to work but not in use.
These are our reserves and are,
for the most part, unbroken horses
on the ranges of our twelve west-
ern states, although some are extra
animals found on farms. Alto-
gether we have between twenty-
five and twenty-six million horses
and mules in the United States,
and the decrease from the high
water mark, January 1st, 1920, of
twenty-seven million head is unim-
portant. We have enough and to
spare, so far as to total numbers
are concerned, although we do not
have enough of the best types for
which demand has always exceed-
ed supply.

For twenty-five years manufac-
turers of and dealers in tractors
have made every effort to super-
cede horses and mules in farm
work. Millions of dollars have
been spent to this end; yet after
all these years of effort there are
not more than 375,000 tractors
able to work on American farms to-
day. If we had to rely upon them,
famine would overtake our nation.

In cities, as on farms, horses and
mules afford the most economical
source of motive power. In short
hauls and frequent stop work, no
mechanical motive power unit can
approach the horse in economy of
operation.

It is in the pleasure field, how-
ever, that the horse comes closest
to man's affections. The thrill
that comes as horses flash past the
wire at the end of a hard-fought
race; the warmth that comes to a
rider's heart when his horse res-
ponds to every demand that is

made upon him;—these are the
things that create in man an un-
derstanding of, and love for good
horses that is surpassed only by
the love a man has for wife and
children,—and the line between is
full close even then.

There is a reason for this. Swift
says all men would live long but
none would grow old. So long as
a man maintains his vigour and
virility, he radiates, unconsciously,
the magnetism which appeals to
women and commands respect from
men. When virility is lost, senility
begins.

There is no short cut to vigour
of body, which alone can maintain
virility.

Nature's laws are inexorable,
and those who fail to maintain
physical vigour, or who are guilty
of excesses which sap their
strength, pay the penalty in loss
of the mental and physical powers
which make life worth living.

Riding appeals to all ages and
children benefit from the patience,
self-control and quick co-ordin-
ation it teaches. I have never for-
gotten the comments of a noted
old stock breeder. More than 20
years ago I visited his farm and
as we rode down across the pas-
tures, then knee-deep in bluegrass,
I turned to him and asked: "How
does it happen that you, a cattle
man, have such superb cattle
horses?" He smiled and answered:
"I have boys and girls growing
into manhood and womanhood.
In training spirited, well-bred
saddle horses whose temper is like
that of a Damascus sword, to
steadiness, fearlessness and instant
obedience, they are schooling them-
selves in attributes which will be
valuable in later life."

And it is true—all through life
those who have learned patience,
consideration and self control
through riding good horses, have
physical and mental advantages
over those less fortunate.

Boys in their teens and youths
in their twenties, find hunting,
steel-peaching, and polo hard
enough and dangerous enough to
tempt the most hardy; and if they
are fortunate to learn these games
under proper tutelage, they learn
that life may be summed up in
the counsel of an early pioneer
whose counsel to his sons was:

"Learn to ride hard, shoot
straight, dance well, and so live
that you can, when necessary, look
any man in the eye and tell him to
go to hell."

Men who really qualify for the
inner shrine which swings open
only to real horsemen pass these
tests. Such men created our na-
tion, have conserved and will
maintain it.

In Aid of Civil Power

(By Sapper Shovel)

(With apologies to Stephen Leacock.)

(The New Waterford Times)

Have you ever been to Cape Breton on duty in aid of the Civil Power? If you have not, don't go there. It is not so much the physical hardships that one objects to. Personally I love sleeping in power plants or plate mills. There is something so big, so massive, so heavy, in mammoth machinery that it is inspiring to sleep with it. Further, I have always maintained that concrete, overlaid by a suitable mixture of grease and soot in approximately equal proportions, makes an ideal bedroom floor. Nor do I think that it is a bad thing for a man to be locked up in a barbed-wire cage for a few weeks or months every year. Anyway, it is a good thing for his family.

No; the chief objection in aid of the civil power in Cape Breton is the horrible slaughter which occurs when red-blooded, two-fisted, one-stomached, hundred per cent Canadians engage in internecine war.

In 19— the annual conflict on the Cape Breton border started as follows, as nearly as one can make out:—

The miners, led by a religious organization known as the 'Reds,' chief of which is the Rt. Rev. J. B. MacLachlan, refused to work for Besco, and Besco, quite unreasonably, refused to feed the miners. The 'Reds' then asked the Government to pass the bread, but the Government replied in a dignified way that he (or it) was not a waiter. This naturally the anger of the 'Reds,' who out of spite started to illtreat the poor old Civil Power, and the troops were sent in aid of it (or them).

On the train we read that the fighting had already started and that two miners had been shot through the pants, and one Civil Power, named Rufus McIsaac, had been hit on the head with a bottle. Supposing that Rufus had been hit on the head by two bottles, the situation would have remained the same. Supposing he had been hit on the head by three bottles, the situation would have been unaltered. Rufus has a thick skull. All of this gave us some idea of the ferocity of the fighting in which we were about to engage.

As the train approached hostile territory, we put on our steel helmets and gas masks, cleaned our

rifles and drew the corks from our machine guns. It was well that we took these simple precautions, because, as we passed through the mining villages, knots of threatening-looking small boys threw sand and gravel at the train. The knots untied themselves when a Civil Power hove in sight (or heaved himself into view). On arrival at Sydney we underwent intensive training in bombing, bayonet fighting, cock fighting, dog fighting and rugby football. Our raw meat ration was increased. We got so if anyone poked us with a stick we would growl.

Eventually we entrained for the front, and arrived at Dominion No.—(erased by the censor) at 05 00 hours. Not a miner was in sight and we occupied a defensive position without opposition. We, of course, realised that the absence of the enemy was a ruse and that we would undoubtedly be attacked during the hours of darkness. We therefore took what few steps we could to strengthen our position. We put up 2500 miles of barbed wire, built bottle-proof machine gun emplacements, accumulated large piles of bricks and stones, and sharpened our bayonets, axes, saws and pocket-knives. We threw out and pulled back patrols.

During the day some 'Reds,' disguised as little girls, came up to our wire and asked for cigarette pictures. We were undecieved by this obvious attempt to spy on our position, and drove them savagely away. One 'Red,' disguised as a small black dog, even penetrated our defences. He was deported forthwith.

At 20 00 hours we stood-to and awaited the inevitable attack with fortitude.

As soon as it became dark news of the enemy began to reach us. A report, emanating from a most reliable source, a Civil Power named Danny MacNeil, showed that 15,000 'Reds' were marching to attack us. We stood-to, stood down, stood all ways and stood on our hands. At 23 00 hours a report from an unimpeachable source, Sandy MacDonald, another Civil Power, showed at least 30,000 'Reds' were approaching in Ford cars and captive balloons.

We loaded and unloaded our rifles, presented and unpresented arms, fixed and unfixed bayonets, opened and closed our clasp knives and shifted and reshifted the positions of our machine guns.

At 04 00 hours we received word that the 'Reds' were dismayed at our preparedness, had called off the attack and gone fishing. So we stood-down.

Thus ended our first twenty-four hours on the battlefield.

Chapter II.

We had not been long at Dominion No.— (deleeted by the censor) before we began to feel cramped, shut in. We reached the state when even the glorious prospect of bank-heads and trestles garnished with coal dust failed to inspire us.

It was at this time that all sections, and even sub-sections, of the community, suddenly realizing who (or what) we are and what we stand for (and we stood for a lot), unanimously decided to organize amusements for our benefit. Besco sent a deputation of maintenance men to visit us and provide entertainment. This noble body of citizens were visibly overcome (probably with emotion) when they descended from their private car. Next morning they apologized for not having been on hand to greet us on the day of our arrival, but explained that they had been unavoidably detained elsewhere at the time. They said that so long as we remained at No. — nothing would separate them from us.

The 'Reds,' not to be outdone in

hospitality, called a special meeting and arranged for a series of bon-fire parties for our diversion. These proved to be very popular and some of them were largely attended by the mounted troops, but in many cases the fun was partly spoiled by the local fire-brigade who, through some silly error, mistook the bon-fires for incendiaryism and to put them out.

One word about our gallant allies would not be out of place at the present stage of the narrative, or at least, not much out.

A band of irregular native horseman, known as the Riffs, galloped into Sydney one day, firing their weapons into the air as is their tribal custom, and declared themselves to be our allies. Their peculiar style of riding excited the admiration of the troops, and old cavalrymen were often seen to weep with emotion and envy when they saw how the Riffs sat their horses. They were born policemen and were so naturally efficient that they did not require any training. In fact, old sergeant-majors were frequently heard to remark that the splendid bearing of the Riffs clearly demonstrated the futility of training in the case of soldiers, sailors, policemen, firemen, and even lion tamers and

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snake charmers.

The Riffs became so attached to the troops that they consistently refused to engage in any expedition unless accompanied by some of our mounted men. The noble fellows thought that, should any fighting take place, the troops were entitled to a share in the glory.

As soon as the tactical situation permitted, a rest camp was established at—(censored) to which various units in turn were withdrawn to Divisional Reserve. The moves to and from the line, and from and to the rest camp, were made partly by train route and partly by march route. By train route is meant that the incoming or outgoing troops are transported in a number of private cars, kindly loaned to the C.A.F. by all, or nearly all, the railway presidents of Canada.

These cars are tastefully decorated in mahogany or dog-wood, and furnished with lounges, easy chairs, poker tables and brass cuspids. Light lunches are served en route and a free issue of cigars is made. On the outside of each car the following notice is printed:

Homes	10
Chevaux	Nil
Railway Pres.	1

The term "march route" is deceptive and must not be confused with route march. It means that when troops descend from the private cars they are met by fleets (or squadrons) of motor cars—not fords—in which they are conveyed to the rest camp, where they are entertained at tea by the C.Q.M. and A.P.M. (Camp Quartermaster and Assistant Provost Marshall) and their staff of lady assistants.

All the work at the rest camp is as the name implies, rest. The troops are called at 1000 hours each morning, have breakfast, and from 1100 hours to 1130 hours do nothing. From 1130 hours to 1200 hours they do less than nothing. Any man caught doing any work or cleaning his equipment is placed in close arrest and his cleaning materials are taken from him. After four days of this even bandsmen have been known to beg for a tin of blanco and a little P.T.

An old gentleman said to some girls who were talking very loud at the opera: "My dear young ladies, please talk a little louder; the music makes so much noise I can't hear half you say."

Bran Mash.

The movement of "B" Squadron to Niagara-on-the-Lake on the 4th inst. was anticipated and in order to prepare for the rigours of camp life, it is understood that two subalterns practised sleeping in a motor car.

The conjuror's turn had not been going at all well, but he stuck doggedly to his task.

"Now," he said, "if any lady or gentleman in the audience will oblige me with an egg I will proceed to demonstrate a marvellous trick."

There was a momentary silence, then came from the back of the hall a voice: "If anybody here had an egg, you'd have had it long ago."

The vessel was nearing New York and several men were sitting reading in the smoking room, when the steward came in and addressed the gathering in these terms: "If these are only more orders for drinks, gentlemen, will you kindly let me have them at once? Make the most of your last few moments, for the Statue of Liberty is nearly in sight."

"They tell me you love music."
"Yes, but never mind. Keep on playing."

You know the Cheshire Cheese in London, of course. Funny old place with just room to swing a kitten, a dish for each day, leaded windows, and the bench where Johnson sat. In short, a landmark.

Enter two Americans. The place is jammed as usual with visitors. One of the Americans remarks: "Well, if this is such a popular place, why don't they enlarge it?"

"I've just been reading some statistics here. It says that every time I breathe a man dies."

"Why don't you take something for it?"

He was incurably romantic and she was incredibly matter-of-fact. "Have you," he said, "never met a man at whose lightest touch every fibre of your being seemed to thrill?"

"Oh, yes," she replied, "he was a dentist."

First Trooper: "I asked her if I could see her home."

Second ditto: "And what did she say?"

"That she would send me a picture postcard of it."

Horsey Fallacies.

(By Major T. Lishman, late R.A.V.C.)

Having recently retired from the Army, it has occurred to me that I ought not to pass into retired life without making some attempt to put on record a few observations that might be of value to those who are still serving.

With this object in view, a retrospect indicates that nothing could serve this purpose better than a few remarks on what I name the "Common Horsey Fallacies."

They, at least, should not only interest, and create discussion between, the officers of the mounted branches, but be a step towards saving their animals from many well-meant and kindly-intentioned interferences, which only too frequently result in the unnecessary infliction of pain, if not permanent injury.

That such fallacies are numerous, anyone who has had even a small experience knows.

They appear to be kept alive by being handed down from generation to generation; and grooms and owners—and not a few who should know better—are alike responsible.

In the case of grooms, these fallacies are passed on verbally, from one to another, either in the stable at work or in the village inn afterwards; while in the case of owners, they are usually initiated into them by stablemen, and then later, finding ample corroboration in the reading of books, advertised as "for horse owners," believe them for the rest of their lives.

These books—many, as I say, written by those who should know better—cling most tenaciously to, and repeat from old edition to new, statements for which the successive writers have never sought verification.

The horse is looked upon as some strange animal, surrounded by a dense and opaque atmosphere of mystery which is penetrable only by the eyes of that most mysterious individual—the "Horsey man."

Also none dares to question what he lays down; and, if he is questioned, he has no difficulty in producing "Books for Horse Owners," "Veterinary Notes," etc., to support his baseless allegations.

It is upon a few of these allegations that I shall write, and, although it is unlikely that I shall be able to convince more than the few who are observing, my pur-

pose will have been served if, among the others, I manage to cause discussion and stimulate observation.

As my statements are found to be true, perhaps those who find them so will have the courage to pick up their "horsey books" and amend or expunge the inaccuracies that are contained therein.

Lampas.—This awe-inspiring term—perhaps, by horsey men, the most beloved of all—is one applied to an imaginary disease of the horse's mouth wherein the hard palate, just behind the upper incisor teeth, is alleged to be inflamed and so swollen that it projects below the level of these teeth, thus making it difficult for the animal to eat. This is a relic of the days of the horse-leech—that infallible individual who was the knowledgeable person regarding all the diseases to which animals can be heir. He was a very shrewd man, and the fact that it is a normal condition in almost every equine below the age of 7 years to have the palate projecting below the level of the upper incisor teeth would not long escape his notice. What a boon it must have been to a man who would never admit that he did not know why an animal was off its food; as a last resort, he could always open the mouth, point out that the palate was down, and leave the owner bewildered at his amazing skill as a diagnostician.

Then, of course, he commenced treating the "lampas," as he called them, very often by taking a lancet, cutting right into the palate, and then rubbing salt into the poor brute's lacerated mouth. Very frequently this resulted in a dangerous haemorrhage as a result of cutting the palatine artery, and even today veterinary surgeons are called to see cases of this kind. A still more brutal method of dealing with this supposed abnormality was to take a red-hot bar of iron and burn deeply into the palate!

It will surprise some to know that this monstrously brutal process is still carried on today! As a disease, I have no hesitation whatever in saying it simply does not exist, nor does it ever cause a rise in temperature or put an animal off its feed. As a condition, and a normal physiological one at that, a congestion of the gums is seen in the horse up to five years of age, during which time the animal is cutting its teeth. This is the same condition as is seen in the human mouth when teeth are being "cut," and is simply the result of more blood being sent to the part, to give greater nourishment to it, to meet

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the increased work it has to do at this stage of growth. What would happen to anyone who treated a baby with a hot iron? And is it any less brutal to allow a baby horse to be treated in such a diabolical manner?

Again, in the aged horse, pieces of grass, straw, hay or the husk of oats, sometimes work in between the gum and a tooth, causing an inflammation of this part; but the treatment indicated is to take a tooth-pick, or pointed match, and remove the offending particle, when the inflamed condition will quickly vanish.

So much for this imaginary disease, and I hope that my readers will look for themselves to see that it is a normal condition in most young horses for the palate to be below the level of the upper incisor teeth.

Teeth Rasping.—This is another fetish of the stable, and I wonder how many animals have this done unnecessarily every year. Probably ninety-nine that do not require it to one that does. The horse goes off his feed from one of the score of reasons why he should do; a hand is inserted into themouth; the outer edges of the upper molars and the inner of the lower are found to feel sharp to the fingers, and, without further ado, these edges are removed with the rasp without the least attempt being made to ascertain whether the sharp edge is normal or not. It happens to be normal, and for the following very obvious reason: the distance across the mouth, from the right upper molars to the left, is at least half an inch more than the same distance between the lower molars.

This being so, it follows that when the mouth is closed it is only the outer half of the lower molars that is in touch with the inner half of the upper, so that most of the wear falls on the outside of the lower teeth and the inside of the upper, with the perfectly natural result that the sides suffering less wear present relatively sharp and prominent edges.

What a boon this has been to the individual who can attribute slight disorder to that imaginary disease "Lampas": in an animal over the age of eight years, where the incisors are so long that the palate is unable to project below the level of the upper ones, he can always point out that the perfectly natural sharp edges on both upper and lower molar teeth! !

I must make it perfectly clear that in some cases these edges do require attention, but the symptoms indicating it are slow and difficult eating, quidding of the food, and laceration of the tongue

and mouth. These are very obvious indications, especially the quidding of the food, which, if sore throat and difficulty of swallowing can be excluded, is almost a certain sign that the molar teeth require attention. ("Quidding" is a term to indicate that the animal, instead of swallowing the balls of masticated food prepared in his mouth in the process of eating, drops them out into the manger, where they may afterwards be found.)

But I am not dealing with these genuine dental cases; my object is to point out the foolish practice of routine or wholesale tooth-rasp-ing. As regards routine rasping, I recall the case of an owner who showed me two polo ponies that had been gradually losing condition. An examination of the mouth showed that in many parts the molars were not touching, and, on making enquiry, the owner admitted that he had a tooth-rasp, and made it a practice to rasp each pony's teeth every Sunday morning!

I can now hear readers almost exploding to ask me how I explain that this regiment, that pony, or that other horse improved in condition from the time that the teeth were rasped. The answer is this: the first thing that is necessary as a preliminary step to effecting any improvement in anything is to realise that present conditions are not as good as they might be; as soon as this is realised, it is a good sign that improvements are being looked for. I have, in many cases, had the rasp put lightly on to an animal's molars to please an owner; and I was pleased that he had asked for it to be done, because I could then assure myself that notice was being taken of a state of affairs that could be remedied. After the rasping, there followed the extra bran mash, the extra this, that and the other, with the result that improvement followed—all of which was put down to the rasping of the teeth. In all these cases, where the teeth did not require touching, the improvement attributed to the rasping are really due to a mixing up of cause and effect.

Weak Back, or Loins, or Bad Kidneys.—Many score of animals must I have been shown with this alleged complaint. To demonstrate how very weak the back really is, the owner will remove the rug, and run his hand along the spine so that the animal crouches down as though the weight of the hand was more than could be supported. The same thing happens when the saddle is put on, and again when the animal is mounted; but it is only for

a very short while, and in a very few seconds the back is supporting the rider as well as any other animal. To those who assert that this crouching is due to weakness, I shall put this question—is it reasonable to suppose that a back that is so weak that it can hardly support the rider, becomes so strong, after a few minutes, that it can carry him for the remainder of the day? No; the cause is not weakness, nor is it kidney complaint; for, of all animals I know the horse is the most remarkably free from disease of the urinary system.

The cause is much simpler, for, apart from it being an after-effect of a disease named "Kumree," met with in Burma, it is almost invariably due to a remembrance by the animal of a previous injury to the back from a badly-fitting saddle, or an injury due to pressure on the spine from a tight surcingle over a stable rug.

The animal has a painful recollection brought to its memory as soon as its back is touched, and it crouches at the thought of the infliction of another injury.

Watering.—Perhaps there is more humbug in connection with the giving of water to animals than in almost any other thing; and so much is this the case that I have known water to be regarded by stablemen as something verging so near to being a necessary evil that they were inclined to stint its supply. Yet, if the bodies of the higher animals were analysed, it would be found that water constituted from 55 per cent to 80 per cent of their entire weight. This is an enormous amount of water, and it is chiefly in the blood that it is contained, for in every 1000 parts of this tissue, 750 parts are water. This amount of water is absolutely necessary to normal healthy blood, and normal, healthy blood is, in its turn, necessary as the medium for carrying to the body all materials necessary for its repair and development, and also as the medium for carrying away by kidneys, lungs and skin all the effete products produced in the animal body. Without this proper proportion of water there can only be impaired digestion, absorption, secretion and excretion; and any considerable absence of this body-water would cause at once the cessation of every vital function. When an animal is worked, especially in warm weather, there is a tremendous loss of this body-water, with the result that the blood is so thickened that it is with difficulty circulated, and the action of the heart is impeded. Then the whole body is crying out

for water, and the animal suffers the sensation of thirst. These few lines should suffice to explain the necessity for water, and the next thing to inquire about is the correct time to give it.

From the above physiological explanation, it must be quite clear that the correct time to water an animal is during its work and at the termination of its work, and not after it has completely cooled down.

The dangerous time to water an animal is after it has become cold, for by drinking cold water then it is liable to a chill. What is good for the trooper horse is good for the private animal, and nowadays the former are allowed to drink as often as they come across water while outside, are led to a trough as soon as they return to barracks, and always have water in front of them in their stables. These observations have been followed by the most beneficial results.

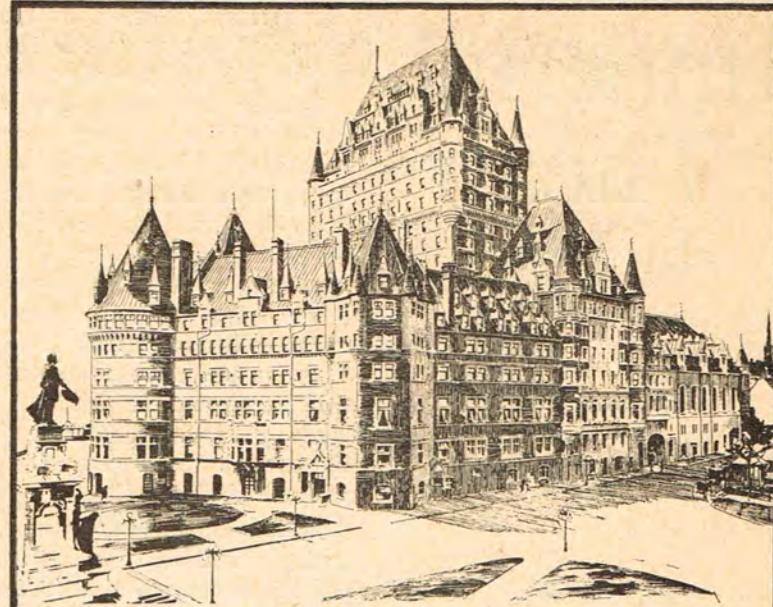
Being aware that my remarks will meet with much criticism, I quote the following from well-known writers.

Professor Finlay Dun writes of water: "Insufficient and excessive supplies are alike injurious; but animals in health, and with constant free access to water, rarely take more than is good for them."

Captain Hayes, F.R.C.V.S., writes: "If its supply be curtailed the secretions that are indispensable to the process of digestion are choked either wholly or in part; because the glands are unable to obtain a sufficiency of water from the blood. If, on the contrary, more water be drunk than is needed for the requirements of the system, the excess is quickly eliminated by the kidneys, skin and lungs, without doing any harm. We may, therefore, conclude that a full supply of water, given a short time before feeding, is essential for the proper digestion of food. When a horse is heated by exercise, his system will absorb water far more readily than when he is cool; hence, under the former condition, there is far less risk in giving a liberal supply than under the latter. However hot and perspiring a horse may be he should get his water at once before he cools down."

General Sir Frederick Fitzwylgram writes: "It is a somewhat singular fact that horses may be watered with safety almost immediately after their return from work, even though somewhat warm."

Advice on watering horses is given briefly, but to the point, in the official handbook, "Animal



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Management," issued by the Veterinary Department for the General Staff, as follows: "Horses should not be watered for at least an hour after feeding, but they may be allowed to drink while at work, even though sweating. If brought in hot, they may be watered immediately, but should be kept moving until they have cooled down. The idea that horses require chilled water is a fallacy. The London cab-horse drinks ice-cold water in the winter, after working hard, and stands still in the streets for hours afterwards without ill-effects."

Colic.—In this frequently-met-with condition there are three chief fallacies which I shall select, from many others, for dealing with. They are the imagined difficulty in passing urine; that water is not good for colic; and that twisted gut is due to the animal being allowed to lie down and roll. As regards the first one, nine times out of ten when a veterinary surgeon is called to see a case of colic, he is informed that the animal is in pain because urine has not been passed for several hours, and in proof of this it is pointed out that the afflicted animal frequently gets into the position usually assumed to complete this act, and, although there is much straining, only the smallest quantity of urine is voided. This certainly looks as though there is something in this direction to which attention should be drawn, and it is only experience that can teach one to realise that not once in ten thousand cases can the cause of the symptoms of abdominal pain be directly attributed to the derangement of the urinary system. The fact is that the apparent straining to pass urine is nothing more than one of the systems of abdominal pain, and the reason that only the smallest quantity is voided is because these small quantities are passed so frequently that the bladder is practically empty. At one time it was almost a routine to pass the catheter in every case of colic, and it was never accepted that the bladder was empty until it had been proved by this method. How much unnecessary pain and injury must have been caused by the passing of dirty catheters must be left to the imagination. I cannot repeat too often that this position is nothing more than a symptom, and I may say that not once in the last twenty years have I seen a case where urine could not be passed naturally.

As regards the prevalence of the idea that under no consideration should water be given to a case of colic, I am aware that I

am stepping on very debatable ground when I say that in very many cases—in fact, I should say most cases—the drinking of water is not only unlikely to do harm, but is of the very greatest benefit. Regard the intestinal tract of the horse as a long tube, of various dimensions, measuring about 100 feet from one end to the other, and try to think of any treatment likely to be more beneficial to it than rest and thorough cleansing.

The rest can be obtained by giving no work and no feed for one, or even two days, and the cleansing can be brought about by flushing the bowel by means of a free supply of drinking water, and the administration of copious enemata on the other.

Recently the pumping of saline water into the stomach of the horse by means of the stomach pump has been advocated as a treatment for impaction of the bowels.

To be put into a loose box, with a free supply of drinking water, and without anything to eat, is very good treatment to commence with, no matter whether the trouble is situated in the gullet, as in cases of choking, or in other parts of the digestive tract in more complicated cases.

As regards the fallacious idea that a horse suffering from an attack of colic must not be allowed to lie down or it will twist its bowels by rolling, there is no evidence whatever to support any such conclusion. If such could be brought about by animals rolling, then the equine species would long ago have become extinct. However, far from rolling on the ground being injurious, it is a most desirable thing to encourage; and those who have had the experience of seeing a large convoy of mules let loose on a sandy river-bed, will not be likely to forget how the animals enjoyed it, or the antics and contortions they indulged in. In cases of colic, this rolling is simply nature's remedy in place of massage of the abdomen, and nothing is more calculated to stir the bowel into activity than placing the animal into a large padded box, with the floor covered with one or two feet of soft river sand, so that it can roll to its heart's content.

While on the subject of colic, perhaps I should not leave it without pointing out that colic is not a disease, and animals do not die from colic any more than a man does from headache. Headache is simply a pain in the head, and a man would be described as having died from whatever produced that pain—meningitis, abscess of the brain, etc. In the same way, colic is simply a pain in the abdomen, and the animal is described as hav-

ing died from whatever produced the pain, enteritis, obstruction, peritonitis, etc.

Grease for Brittle Feet.—To put grease on to a horse's hoof is one of the worst things that can be done to it; it is bad for a perfect hoof, and ruination for a defective one. Horn is made up of numerous thin hair-like tubes, and each tube contains a material not unlike the rubber solution with which one repairs pneumatic tires. Just as rubber solution remains in good condition so long as the solvent, in which the rubber is dissolved, is not allowed to evaporate, so does the horn of the hoof remain in good condition so long as the moisture contained in this intra-tubular material is not allowed to evaporate. Over the front of the hoof there stretches a shining, waterproof, membrane like covering, technically known as the periople, and it is this delicate covering, which nature has put there for the purpose, that prevents the evaporation of the moisture, and brittle feet as a direct result. Unfortunately, shoeing smiths have a tendency to rasp away this periople, evaporation takes place, and brittle feet are the result. Normally—that is, if left alone—this is restored as the hoof grows down, and the horn becomes normal and healthy; but it is very often not left alone. The owner, becoming anxious about the brittle appearance, imagines that he can restore the elasticity of the horn by the application of grease.

This waterproof membrane, I may say, not only prevents the passage of moisture from the horn to the surrounding atmosphere, but is successfully resists any permeation from the outside that would be harmful.

Were it not there, water would work its way into the hoof substance, and in time cause maceration of the horn by bringing about a disintegration and separation of the horn tubes. With the periople intact, a horse can live in a lowland meadow with its feet never out of moisture, and the horn will remain in perfect condition. No amount of moisture will have any deleterious action on the periople, but grease can dissolve and remove it after repeated applications. The human nail is most like the horse's hoof, and what is good treatment for the one is good for the other. The man who scrapes the back of his nails with a pocket knife, (removes the periople) will produce brittle nails, and those who employment entails the nails being constantly saturated in grease will never have other than weak and easily-injured nails.

The periople should never be removed from the hoof-wall, and the only treatment that a hoof requires is washing with cold water every morning and evening, and whenever returning to the stable after work.

Worms.—Just as almost all young horses have a palate lower than the incisor teeth as a normal condition, and almost all horses have rather sharp edges on their molar teeth as a normal condition, so do almost all horses have a worm or two in the bowel as a normal condition. To prove this, one has only to attend a knacker yard to see that even the fattest animals generally show one or two parasites in the bowel when this is opened. Indeed, it is remarkable how very few bowels are opened without some kind of parasite being noticed.

These parasites do little harm, and one is almost inclined to ask oneself which is the worse for the horse—the presence of the couple of worms, or the repeated administration of nauseous, poisonous remedies?

As regards dogs I have no hesitation whatever in saying that more puppies are killed by their owners giving worm medicines in one year than are killed by worms in ten years!

As a general rule, it may be taken that the worms seen most easily cause the least harm; and conversely it may be taken, in a similar way, that those that cause the most harm are the least easily seen. Those that are not so easily seen cause an immense amount of loss, and constitute the most difficult cases that the veterinary surgeon is called upon to treat: so difficult, indeed, that I shall make no attempt to discuss them in this article.

The worms that I am dealing with are the kind that almost every animal passes at one time or another, and that cause the owner to administer all kinds of worm-balls and worm-powders. As almost all efficacious worm remedies are poisonous and nauseating, have to be preceded by several hours' fasting, and in many cases put the animal off his feed for a few hours afterwards; and as the greater number of the common worms tend to pass out of the body, in accord with their natural life-cycle, in the course of a few weeks, in very many cases it is much the better practice to avoid giving medicines, take no notice of the finding or one or two harmless parasites, and allow nature to take its course without interference. Before concluding this paragraph, perhaps I should mention that by the time that any

worm medicine reaches the worm it has passed over tents of feet of intestine, and become so altered—a the expense of the horse's body too—that the worm can treat it with contempt. Take the commonest of all the worms of the horse

—the ordinary whip-worm that lives just a foot or two inside the rectum. They are generally noticed through a yellowish discharge being conspicuous when the tail is lifted; and I may say that this due to the egg-bearing worm being passed out, and getting so squashed that the yellow mass of eggs is liberated. Beyond causing sufficient irritation to make the animal rub and spoil the hair of the tail, they cause little harm; yet owners at once commence administering remedies by the mouth which nauseate the animal and are quite useless after passing over some 80 feet of intestine before reaching the offender. In these cases, avoid giving medicines; it is a condition easily treated by attacking the worms by the shortest route to reach them—that is, by washing out the rectum by means of an enema-pump and a solution of ordinary salt and water.

Telegony.—Many readers will not at first grasp what is meant by this word; but it will not be long before it is obvious, for, of all biological fallacies, this is undoubtedly the most prevalent. Perhaps it will be recalled that, about two years ago, there was a debate in the House of Lords, when the second reading of the Deceased Brother's Widow's Marriage Bill was moved, and certain contributors to the debate spoke against the Bill on what they described as the eugenic or physiological side of the question.

Those who were in doubt as to the untoward physiological or psychological results likely to accrue from this Bill being placed on the statute book, based their uncertainty on more or less belief in the antiquated, and erroneous, idea that in reproduction there is such a thing as that which has been named Telegony—a word derived from the Greek to designate the principle or doctrine that offspring not only acquire the qualities and characteristics of their parents, but also those of any other male or female with whom the parents had previously mated.

If such a doctrine were true, then opposition to the Bill on these grounds would indeed be well-founded, for the relationship between a man and his deceased brother's widow would be one of consanguinity. For the same reason, opposition could have been brought against the passing into

law of the Deceased Wife's Sister Marriage Act; but, long before the Bill for this measure appeared the idea that the male became in any way affected by union with the female had been dropped and forgotten.

However, that this is not the case as regards the female being effected by the male was well shown in the opposition brought against the above-mentioned Bill. Among the higher animals (and man is a higher animal whom I see no reason to exclude), that the offspring partakes of the qualities and characteristics of its parents, and that even with the purest breeds there is sometimes a reversion to a remote ancestor, none can deny; but there is not one particle of evidence that would bear scientific investigation to support such a theory that once a female bears offspring she becomes "infected," or "saturated" with the qualities or characteristics of her mate, and is likely to pass them on to future offspring by another mate. In some parts of the world, mule breeding is a considerable industry which has necessitated the crossing of horses and donkeys for generations; yet, whenever the female horse is mated with a male horse, the progeny shows no resemblance whatever to a donkey, which would be bound to be the result were there any such thing as telegony. In fact, there is no reason whatever to assume that a Derby winner could not be bred from a thoroughbred mare that had previously been crossed with a donkey, and had produced a mule foal.

As regards dog-breeders, I am fully aware as to their convictions on the matter, and it would not be over-estimated if I said that fully 95 per cent. of them are imbued with the fallacious and unsupported idea that a valuable well-bred bitch that has had the misfortune to have made an accidental "mésalliance" is unable ever after to produce a pure-bred

litter of puppies when mated with a pure-bred dog of her own breed. In fact, they will not hesitate to have such an animal destroyed, instead of experimenting to demonstrate to themselves that their apprehensions are completely and entirely unfounded.

Truly, old-time opinions, like old customs, are always die-hards, but that the idea of offspring throwing back to a previous mate of the female should still be so prevalent, and so stubbornly held to, in the third decade of the 20th century, is certainly a greater tribute to human credulity than to its intelligence.

Rabies.—Although these paragraphs were intended chiefly to deal with horses, there is one important matter in connection with rabies in dogs in India that I feel I should not pass over. There is a dangerous idea prevalent that if an animal is all right for ten days after it has been bitten, then it may be said not to have been infected, and no more notice need be taken of it. Nothing could be further from the truth, and for this reason I shall give full details on this matter.

When a dog bites a human being, under no consideration whatever should the animal be destroyed if it can be secured by collar and chain without undue risk, and be examined daily by a veterinary surgeon for ten days.

The saliva never being virulent for a period longer than seventy-two hours before the onset of the first symptoms of rabies, and a rabid dog never living for more than five days after the appearance of definite symptoms, it follows that if the dog remains alive and well at the end of ten days there is no need whatever for the bitten to proceed to have the Pasteur treatment, for the saliva, at the time of the infliction of the bite, could not possibly have been infective.

It is most important that this ten days must not be confounded

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with the period of incubation of the disease, e.g., the period which elapses between the bite of a rabid animal and the appearance of the first symptoms of rabies in the bitten animal, for this is a very variable period, depending on the situation of the bite and the amount of virus inoculated. In the dog this period of incubation is nearly always from twenty-five to fifty-five days, and it is only in exceptional cases that it is as short as sixteen days, or as long as ninety days. Therefore no dog that has been bitten can be considered safe until three months have elapsed; and unless it has been given the Pasteur treatment at an institution such as the Punjab Veterinary College, it should be kept in a cage, or other suitable confinement, for a period of ninety days.

This period may be taken as sufficing for practical purposes, as it is only once in many years that a case is recorded where the disease is developed after a longer period than this; and even in these cases there is, as a rule, considerable doubt as to their authenticity.

However, it is for this reason, and to make absolutely certain that the disease is not introduced that the period of six months' quarantine is imposed on all dogs imported into the United Kingdom.

Bandages—are put on in the stable for warmth, and, contrary to what appears to be the prevailing idea among stablemen, they should be no tighter than is necessary to prevent them becoming undone. Any benefit they produce is by promoting increased circulation, and they can hardly be too slack for this purpose. They are also put on with the idea of giving support to tendons and ligaments when the animal is at work, and in this case they are put on much more tightly. Nothing seems to be more attractive to the horsey novice than to see his animal's legs swathed in cotton wool and bandages, whether they require them or not. Whether these tight bandages ever do any good or not, it would be hard to say; but there is no doubt whatever that they very often do an infinite lot of harm by causing direct injury to the back-tendons and their sheaths by bruising them and interfering with their normal blood-supply. Nothing in the stable is so difficult than the proper application of pressure bandages to give support while at work; if they are too slack they are useless, and if too tight, worse than useless. One has only to experience the pain and injury that

one can inflict on one's tendon above the heel by a too-tight bootlace, to realise what it must mean to the horse. How many races have been thrown away owing to the horse being impeded by tight bandages! and how many lumpy tendons and enlarged fetlock joints, seen in polo ponies, are due to the too-tight application of their polo boots!

Having concluded the above dissertation on what I name some common "horsey fallacies," I am well aware that they will meet with anything but unanimous approval; and the cynic, who is not open to be convinced, may indeed retort that the fallacies are all on the side of the writer! So, for his reason, I make the request to those who have been my readers not to ask this person or that person, no matter who he is or what his qualifications are. I wish them to do only one thing, and that is—test all I have said for themselves, and be guided by no one in coming to their own conclusions.

Make ordinary observations on your own animals as regards what I have said concerning lampas, sharp molars, colic, watering, worms, etc., and avoid mixing up cause and effect in your deductions from them. I have already given a few words on how easy it is to ascribe an improvement in condition to some medicine that was given, or to something else tha twas done, and, to forget all about the extra care, food and attention that really effected the improvement.

In a battery with most excellent horse-mastership, I have known the commander deny himself and his officers all the credit that was their due, and attribute the good appearance of his animals to Epsom salts in a bran-mash, or some other equally futile proceeding!

In a large remount depot in France, the commanding officer was not taking the interest in the small matters of daily routine which he should have done, with the result that he, as an old cavalry officer, was very soon lamenting the whole appearance of his charge. He came to the veterinary officer and said that he would very much like to give each animal in the dépôt one small pinch of powdered iron sulphate in its food daily, as he had great faith in it. The V.O., being a shrewd Scot, at once saw his opportunity to put right a slack state of affairs which he had long deplored, and at once replied that, as this iron was a medicine, he would not be responsible for it being given unless the C.O. would undertake to give the dose to each animal him-

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self. This he agreed to do.

The first day on his journey round he had to make many complaints; this horse was dirty; the next one was rubbing his tail; the next had his headrope too long and had his leg over it; the next had a dirty head-collar, etc., etc.

At the end of a week he came in to the Mess delighted after one of his inspections, and said to the V.O., "Everything looks topping this morning; simply wonderful stuff, that iron sulphate!"

And we wonder why there are still people who believe that the sun puts out fire.

Though he has recently celebrated his seventy-fourth birthday, Sir Oliver Lodge, the famous scientist, can still tell a good story.

One that he is fond of relating concerns a quick-witted professor of geology in a certain college in North Wales.

It seems that the students were asked to take a walk and to pick up various specimens of rock and to bring them to the class-room for the professor to classify.

One smart young man picked up a piece of an old brick and laid it on the table with the other specimens. When the class had assembled the professor picked up each specimen and told what it was,

saying this was a piece of felspar, this was red granite, and so on.

When he came to the brick he held it up and said: "This is a piece of impertinence," then cast it aside and went on with the others.

A farmer had just built a big barn. One day, as he was setting off for town he told his two boys to cut a small hole in one of the sides so that the cat could get in or out at will.

The boys cut a hole just beside the big barn door, but when the farmer returned and saw it he was much displeased.

"Why can't I depend on you boys to do a single thing right?" he exclaimed angrily. "Don't you know that hole is in the wrong place?"

"Why?" asked the boys.

The farmer leaped from the buggy, and seized and the barn door and swung it open, and, of course, it covered the aperture.

"Now, where is your cat hole?" he shouted. "How in the name of sense can the cat get into the barn when the door's open?"

He: "If it's all over between us perhaps you'll return the ring."

She: "Don't be absurd. I've no fault to find with the ring."

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